World War III

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World War III - Chapter 1

hey guys.

had the idea of this story in my head like...forever!

so I thought I might as well just write it.

Dont' worry, I'll still try to update "Shhh...It's Confidential"

Chapter 1

Ebony

I took a deep breath as I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I looked…different. I couldn't even tell it was me, Ebony Adele Lynx, more commonly known as Ebony Lynx, the teen super-model. I ditched my Chanel pumps and replaced it with supposedly what normal teenagers wore- converse. My long, natural black hair was cut emo style with the fringe and everything. My blue eyes were hardly visible under the strands of hair that were shadowing them.

I chucked on a black hoodie and swung my backpack over my shoulder. I sighed as I looked into the mirror for the last time. I have to do this, I told myself. I wanted to be normal. Even if it meant changing my style, personality and attitude. Ever since I was 'noticed' at the shopping centre, I've been an instant celebrity. Girls wanted to be me, boys wanted to get in my pants. I was only four years old when the chief executive officer of FASHIONISTA saw me. It's been 13 years and now I'm 17. I've done modeling for Gucci, Chanel, Dior, Giorgio Armani and way more.

Ever since then I was Australia's Hottest Teen and I was even voted as America's Beauty Icon. Right then, I was in Miami. I just moved there a week ago and I wanted to be normal. So I took up the greatest challenge of all. Yep! I decided I wanted to go to high school. Little did I know that I could have possibly made the biggest mistake of my life. I was patiently waiting for the receptionist to get me my school schedule.

I thought back to what happened before I secretly changed into my current clothes.

"Ebony! What's taking you forever?" my mum shouted from downstairs.

"I'm coming!" I shouted back as I jogged down the stairs.

"And mum? Please don't call me Ebony. It's Adele, remember?" I said as I walked into the kitchen.

My mother turned around and smiled when she saw what I was wearing. Of course, in front of my mum, I had to be dressed to high class standards. Her eyes traveled me up and down as she took in my black and white ruffle dress with my black pumps.

"I like what you're wearing," she commented.

"Thanks," I mumbled as I walked away. "Bye!" I called out to my mum.

I walked out the door of our new, large house and sure enough, John was there. I smiled.

"Hey, John," I said as I slid into the limo.

"Good morning, Miss Lynx," John, my limo driver, said as he shut the door.

"Just call me Ebony. No wait, Adele. Yeah, I'll be going by Adele now."

"I see. So, you really want to change who you are just to fit in?" John asked as he started the engine.

John knew everything about me. He was much older than me but we were just friends. We told each other everything and I trusted him.

"I don't think you'll understand," I said and looked out the tinted windows.

Just as he was told to, he parked the car 3 blocks away from the school. I told him to not bother with opening the door. I opened it myself and quickly headed to the nearest convenience store. I went into the bathroom and quickly changed into my other clothes, the blue skinnys, black hoodie and black converse, and looked at myself in the mirror.

I snapped out of the earlier memory as I heard the receptionist's voice.

"All done, Adele. Hopefully you'll like it here," she said as she handed me a piece of paper.

"Thanks," I mumbled as I got it and walked out the door. I was already late and didn't want to be in more trouble. I looked at my timetable. I had 11th grade mathematics. My favourite subject *note the sarcasm*.

It took me a while until I found the classroom. Before I entered, I put on my bad ass, can't-touch-this attitude. I

messed up my fringe a little and stuck my fingers into my two front pockets. Then I walked into the classroom. Without knocking. Oh, yeah! How's that for rebellious?

"Ahem!" the teacher cleared his throat as I headed towards the back of the classroom.

"Yah?" I asked as I turned around.

"Can I help you?" the teacher asked.

"No, I'm just here to learn. I have right to education, you know," I said.

"Yes, yes, but who are you again?" the teacher asked.

I sighed and walked to the front of the class.

"I'm Adele. Adele Lynx," I said.

Straight away a hand shot up.

"What is it, Mathew?" the teacher asked.

"I was wondering if you're related to Ebony Lynx?" the boy asked me.

"Pfft! As if! A hag like her being related to a goddess like Ebony Lynx?" this blonde boy said and smirked at me.

He had the strongest yet softest blue eyes ever and his dark blonde hair just made him that much more desirable. The boy had the most charming Bristish accent ever. My plain Aussie accent seemed like crap compared to his velvety voi- WHOA! He just called me a hag and I thought he was a hottie? Crap, must be the new extra layers of hair on my head, I thought.

"Ethan, apologise to Adele now, please," the teacher ordered.

"Yeah, when pigs fly," Ethan said as he crossed his arms over his muscular chest. SHIT! Snap out of it!

"Etha-"

"It's okay, sir. I understand Ethan is a self-obsessed jerk who's pride has gotten to his big head," I said as I took the only empty seat, which just so happened to be in front of Mr. Egotistical.

"But Adele, you didn't introduce yourself to the class," the teacher said.

"I'd rather not. My name's Adele and that's all you guys need to know," I said as I took out my notebook from my bag, careful no one saw the black pumps.

"Very well, then. I'm Mr. Faultler, by the way," he said.

"Didn't ask," I muttered.

I didn't want to be the nice girl. I had to be the complete opposite of who I usually was.

The teacher seemed angry for just a second but then he shook his head and continued with the lesson. I already knew everything he was going on about. My tutor was one of the best.

I felt a jab on my back, like somoene was poking me. I turned around and saw Ethan glaring at me.

'This isn't over' he mouthed.

I just shrugged and faced the front. He was just a bastard who was up himself. And a hot one too but no way was I going to swoon over him like all the other girls. NO. BLOODY. WAY.

Not the best but it will get better.

Next chapter will be in Ethan's P.O.V *wink*

Btw, I'm not sure about the title.

I might change it…any suggestions?

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 2

Hey.

A bit of this chapter is in Ethan's point of view so you guys can get an idea of what's going on in his head.

Chapter 2

Ethan

I was just sitting at my desk flirting with Ashley when I saw a weird girl walk in. I couldn't really see her face because her black hair was covering her eyes and her head was down. But holy shit! She had the longest and hottest legs ever. She didn't even notice me when she walked in. How unusual. I shuddered just thinking about her. I didn't want to have anything to do with that freak. I thought that she spent her nights cutting her wrists and wasted her money on black hair dye.

"No, I'm just here to learn. I have right a to education, you know," she said.

I rolled my eyes and tuned out until I heard Mathew ask the most ridiculous question ever.

"I was wondering if you're related to Ebony Lynx?"

I nearly cracked up laughing. As if someone as ugly as her would be related to someone as hot as Ebony Lynx.

"Pfft! As if! A hag like her being related to a goddess like Ebony Lynx?" I shouted and smirked when I saw her face change into a frown.

"Ethan, apologise to Adele now, please," the teacher ordered.

Adele, I thought. What a gay name.

"Yeah, when pigs fly," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Etha-"

"It's okay, sir. I understand Ethan is a self-obsessed jerk who's pride has gotten to his big head," she said.

That was when I noticed she had a different accent and her voice was soft and her lips we-CRAP! Did she just call me a self-obsessed jerk? That bitch. It's on, now.

She took her seat in front of me without even glancing at me. What was wrong with this cow? I got my pen and poked her. She looked back and that was when I noticed her eyes. They were blue. Not blue like mine but a very solid and striking blue. She looked pissed off.

I mouthed the words 'this isn't over' and she just shrugged and turned back.

Someone had to show this newbie her place. Okay, so I was a new student too once but I've been at this school for almost a year now. I didn't want to leave London, but I had too.

Adele completely ignored the teacher. Curiosity got to me and I looked over her shoulder to see what she was doing. She just scribbled lines all over her page and hummed to herself.

"Ethan, please stop staring down Adele's top," the teacher said.

SHIT! The whole class blasted into laughter and Adele turned around with a disgusted look on her face.

"Wait..I...no, it's not what you-"

I was cut off when she smirked.

"I know you find me irresistible, but could you please try to check me out without others noticing?" she smirked again.

Ebony

I couldn't believe I had just said something like that. I sounded so up myself and I didn't like it one bit. Usually, I'd be disgusted with perverts but I knew I had to be different at this school.

Ethan went a bit red but then he took his seat.

"I wasn't checking you out. You have nothing to check out," he said.

"Wait, you're saying I have nothing to check out but then how do you know I have nothing? You would have had to check me out in order to know I had nothing," I said, praying I made sense.

The class went 'ooohh' except one girl. She was pretty and had long, fake blonde hair with brown eyes. She stared daggers at me. I just ignored her and waited for Ethan's reply.

"As if! I can do better than you with my eyes closed!" he retorted.

"Sure," I mumbled to myself.

"I'm serious. You're just a freaky loner," he said.

OUCH! Okay, so that did hurt.

"Ethan, Adele! Enough!" the teacher yelled. "Adele, I understand you're new but you cannot interrupt the class like that, and Ethan? You should know better. After school detention for both of you."

With that, the teacher continued explaining quadratic equations. I didn't even look at Ethan. I hated him. The first day of school and I already scored myself a detention.

The rest of the lesson was a blur. As soon as the bell rang, I got up and rushed out the door. I walked down the hallway, brushing off everybody's stares when I felt a strong hand grab mine and push me against a locker. I grunted as I felt the pain in my head. I dropped my bag.

I looked up and saw Ethan. He pressed his body hard against mine and looked down at me.

"What?" I hissed.

"You just got me a detention," he said, angrily.

"What the hell? You're the one who got yourself in trouble!"

"Who do you think you are?"

"I'm Adele Lynx."

Ethan scoffed and I realised all eyes were on us.

"You need to be reminded that I rule this school and I don't like it when other people think they're better than me,"

Ethan informed me.

"Why? Scared of a little competition?" I raised a brow.

"You fucking bitch," he said as he pushed me harder against the locker and locked his eyes onto mine. I could feel his firm body pressed tightly onto me.

"Takes one to know one," I said slowly and clearly.

This really got to him because this next I knew, my feet were lifted off the floor and my head was on the same level as his.

"This isn't over," he said again then he let me drop onto the ground and stomped away with his posse.

"Yeah, that's what you said last time! Bloody prick!" I yelled after him.

He turned around and yelled, "I'll see you in detention, and it won't be pleasant!"

I rolled my eyes and grabbed my bag off the floor. I noticed all eyes were still on me.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer," I told all of them and I could have sworn I saw a couple of phones pointed at me. Great.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Ebony

I had six lessons a day, four of which Ethan was in. I was in the last period, watching the hour handle tick its way to three o'clock. As soon as the bell rang for home time, I got off my seat and as usual, was the first person out the door. I looked at the school's map trying to find the detention room. I continued walking forward without watching where I was going. Next thing I knew, I bumped into someone and stumbled onto the ground.

"I'm sorry," an unfamiliar voice apologised.

I looked up and saw huge, grey eyes staring down at me.

I was truly mesmerized. His eyes had me in heaven. I couldn't stop staring and it was like all the worries of my life had disappeared. Nothing else mattered. I was just so into the moment.

The handsome boy must have sensed my quietness.

"Hello? You OK?" he asked in a worried tone.

His voice snapped me back into reality and my eyes traveled his whole face. He had short, dark hair and his lower lip was slightly thicker than his upper lip. His nose was somewhat long yet thin. His cheeks had a hint of red in them. I couldn't help but compare him to Ethan. Ethan was hotter but this guy was just as desirable too.

"Um, is there something on my face?" he asked.

"Well, there's your eyes, nose, lips, cheeks..." I mumbled, dreamily.

Then I went red as soon as I realised what I had said. He chuckled and outstretched his hand. I hesitantly took it and he helped me up.

"I'm Zaiden, by the way," he said.

"I'm Adele," I said as I picked up all the things I had dropped.

"So where you headed?" he asked me.

"The detention room."

"Oh, yeah. Mr. Faultler?" he asked.

"Yep!"

"I remember that," he said.

"What? You were there?" I asked, confused.

"Yeah, I was in your mathematics, history and business class," he replied.

"Oh. Well, sorry for not noticing you earlier," I said nastily as I realised I had let my guard down. But to be honest, I really wondered how I didn't notice him earlier.

"Listen, do you want me to show you the detention room?" he asked, hopefully.

"Meh, whatever. Sure." I shrugged.

We walked in silence until finally reaching the door.

"Well, I guess this is my stop," I said as I opened the door.

"Maybe I'll see you around?" he asked.

"Maybe, maybe not," I said as I shut the door.

I was a bitch to him but I had to be even though he was one of the hottest guys ever. I wanted to have a bad ass reputation. It hurt me bad. I looked around the classroom. No one else was there except for Ethan and some other teacher.

"Adele Lynx?" the teacher asked.

"Yeah, and you are?" I asked.

"Mr. Dubbling," he replied.

"Right," I said as I tried to figure out where to sit.

I decided on sitting the farthest from Ethan when I saw him point towards the desk next to his.

"You wish," I said loud enough only for him to hear.

"I was only pointing at that desk because we have assigned seats," he said, sternly.

I thought it was weird having assigned seats at detention. I looked at the teacher and he was busy typing something on his computer. I shrugged and walked to the desk next to Ethan.

I sat my ass down when I felt a sharp prick.

"Ouch!" I yelled as I grasped my butt with both my hands.

I looked down at the chair and saw a red pushpin. Ethan cracked up laughing.

"Did you…honestly think….that...we had..assigned seats?" he asked between laughs.

"Ethan, please keep it down," the teacher ordered.

I glared at him now. I knew I had to get him back. I was coming up with my diabolical plan when I heard the class's phone ring. The supervisor answered it then after a few seconds, stood up.

"I'll be back soon. Something has come up and don't try anything stupid," he said as he left the room and shut the door behind him.

"So, how's your butt?" Ethan asked me, smirking.

"It's fine, thank you."

"Are you sure? 'Coz it sure looked like it went in hard," he teased.

"What's your point?" I asked, impatiently.

"Chill. Hey, want me to check it out for you?" he asked, grinning.

"Ha! Keep dreaming, loser," I said.

Ethan chuckled humorlessly.

"One day, that dream will come true," he said.

Tonnes of retorts came rushing to my head but there was one that felt like gold.

"Yeah, when pigs fly," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest. That was what he had said to me.

"Oh, really?" he raised a brow and I tried to act like it didn't take my breath away.

"Yes, really," I replied as I took a slow breath.

Suddenly, I saw a flash of movement and then, I was pinned onto the desk with Ethan on top of me. I could feel his cool breath on my face.

"Get. Off. Me," I commanded through gritted teeth.

He didn't reply but I felt his hand travel up my leg.

"What are you doing?" I asked, getting frustrated.

"I think I just saw a pig fly out the window," he said as he breathed me in.

I felt his hand move higher and higher until it rested on my waist.

"Don't you dare touch my ass," I warned.

"And what will you do if I touch it?" he asked as he put his lips onto my neck.

"I'll press charges," I informed.

I felt his hard chest rumble against mine as he laughed. His lips tickled my skin. Then just as quick as he got on me, he got off me and sat back down on his chair. At that moment, the teacher walked back in. He gave me the 'WTF?' look.

"Adele, I don't know what draws your attention to the ceiling but please stop lying on the desk and sit up properly."

I quickly straightened myself and sat back down. Then, it was like a light bulb just switched on in my head. I knew how to get him back. I looked at Ethan and I could see he was trying to hold back his laughter. His stupid laughter. His stupid, sexy laughter.

Any ideas on what she might do to him? lol

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 4

sigh

ditched my HPE assignment for this.

anyways, enjoooyyy!!

Chapter 4

Ebony

Detention only lasted for half an hour and as soon as it was over I rushed out the door and down the hallway. I had to hurry up. I burst out the front entrance door. I quickly hopped down the steps then ran down the street. I opened the door of the convenience store, found the bathroom then speedily took out the clothes I had on earlier. I stripped myself and carefully pulled on the dress and my pumps. I looked in the mirror and pulled my fringe back and brushed my hair. After that I lightly applied clear lip gloss then a little bit of mascara. I chucked my jeans, hoodie and converse into my bag before I stepped out.

I avoided the cashier and maneuvered my way out of the store. As expected, John was there with the limo. I put my sunnies on and rushed to the car. John opened the door for me and I got in.

"Good afternoon," he greeted as he got into the driver's seat.

"Hi," I mumbled.

"So, how was your first day?" he asked.

"It was okay and why were you late?" I asked, but not in a harsh tone.

"School called and said you got a detention. Luckily, your mother wasn't home so they called my cell. I figured you'd take a while."

"Thanks for not telling mum," I said and smiled.

"No worries, Miss. How did you pull it off?" I knew what he meant.

"Well, I changed at the store in the morning and then walked to the school. At school I acted like a bitch and was pretty much mean to everyone. After detention, I ran back to the store, got changed into what I wore in the morning then came to you," I replied casually.

"Why did you get a detention?" John asked as he took a right turn.

I wasn't sure if I should tell him about Ethan or not. As soon as I thought his name, his face came into my mind. I shook it off. I noticed John was still waiting for my reply.

"Oh, you know, just got into this argument with another student and the teacher got pissed so he gave us both detention," I said, which really wasn't a lie.

"Which student?" he raised a brow.

"Some random freak named Ethan," I replied, trying to act casual.

"What's this boy's last name?" he asked.

"Don't know, but I swear I hate him so much. During detention, he put a pin on my chair then I sat on it and the pin poked me," I blurted out, thankful I didn't mention the bit after the pin.

"And I'm guessing you're planning on getting him back?"

"Yep!" I smiled.

"How?"

"I can't tell you that, but it'll happen sooner than you expect," I grinned evilly as I said this.

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

I humphed. How does he know everything?

"Yeah, tomorrow at school," I answered as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Should I be expecting a phone call from the school afterwards?" he sighed.

I chuckled. "Hopefully not. It's between him and I so it shouldn't really be the school's business."

Just then the limo turned into our large, tiled driveway.

Ethan

I couldn't believe I had actually jumped on her. What scared me most was the fact that I was so turned on. The only reason I got off her was because I would have lost control and screwed her right there and then. I didn't give a shit about her saying she would press charges.

"Adele, I don't know what draws your attention to the ceiling but please sit on the chair properly," the teacher said as he walked in.

I tried to hold in my laughter. I looked at her and her face was so clueless. I could feel myself getting red as an apple just by trying not to laugh. She took one look at me then smirked. That could only mean one thing, she was going to get me back. But what the hell did I do? So I just put a stupid pin on her chair and it poked her sexy ass. I mean, her ugly, fat ass. Big deal! I knew I should have watched my back but I couldn't care any less.

As soon as the teacher dismissed us, she ran out the door. She was always the first to leave each class-not that I noticed. It frustrated me.

"What the hell has gone up her ass?" I asked myself, referring to the fact that she was always in a hurry. Then I remembered the pin.

"Oh, yeah. That's what went up her ass," I said and laughed to myself.

I know, my comment was kind of lame and according to the stare I received from the teacher, I was a dickhead. Great.

I exited the class room thinking about Della, or was it Elda? Shit, I couldn't remember her name. I knew on the outside she seemed like a lonely, freaky, scary, anti-social, gothic-emo girl but what if in reality she wasn't? What if she was actually more abnormal than that? I shivered as I felt a chill go up my spine.

I got into my car and forgot about the freaky girl. But I couldn't ignore the feeling I had that something bad was headed my way.

OK GUYS, NEXT POST WILL BE WITHIN 36 DAYS.

VOTE

COMMENT

xox.

Adorkable

Hahahaha...I'm just kidding.

Sorry, I like messing around with you guys.

Anyways,

here's what happens next...

Ebony

I walked through the door. My mum wasn't home. She was usually out till late at night. I didn't mind it. I enjoyed the privacy. I flipped off my pumps and ran up the stairs to my room. My room was just like a normal, modern room. I had a king-sized bed with four bed posts at the corners. I had a study desk with my laptop, a walk-in robe and my own bathroom. I was an only child and God knew what happened to my dad. I grew up without him. It had always been just me and my mum. I took a shower, did some of my homework then went downstairs to eat. I made pasta and when I finished eating, I washed the plate and headed for bed.

I got up extra early tomorrow morning. I wanted to walk to school so I rang John and told him not to come and pick me up. I tip-toed into the kitchen. I knew my mum was asleep. I opened the drawer and took out red and blue food colouring. Then I grabbed a pair of scissors with super glue and cotton wool. I stuffed all that into my schoolbag then wrote a note to my mum.

Dear mum,

Got up early and decided to walk to school.

Walking back home from school again so I might be home

late. Have my cell just in case.

Take care,

Eb.

I stuck it on the fridge then rushed back into my room. I decided to wear black tights with black short shorts. I chucked on a white tank top and strapped on my Gucci sneakers. I looked in the mirror. Once again, I pulled my fringe down and fluffed my hair a bit. I heavily applied my eyeliner and a hint of green eyeshadow. I left my face and lips as they were.

I decided to take my Giorgio Armani coat just in case my mother was home when I got back from school. She hated it when I walked out the house with only a white tank top. She always expected me to have heels on.

I shoved the coat into my bag then I headed out the door. As I walked to school, I looked at the beach. My house was next to this really awesome beach. One half of the beach was a

completely private sector for the residents of my neighbourhood only.

I got to school half an hour early and decided to make myself familiar with the gym. I found my way there and before I walked into the boys' locker room, I looked around to make sure no one was watching me. I stepped in and it was empty. It was quiet large, with the lockers at one end and the showers at another. I smiled.

I turned around to walk out the locker room when I bumped into something hard. I looked up and saw Ethan.

"What are you doing here?" he panted.

"I could ask you the same thing," I replied as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"This is the boys' locker room and believe it or not, freak, I'm a boy," he said.

"Well, I got lost, all right?" I said as I quickly walked out.

Ethan

I was jogging. I looked at the time and decided to hit the showers. I walked into the gym and went to the locker room. I stopped when I saw a silhouette. It belonged to a girl. She was tall, around 5'7, slim and had perfect legs. She had the body of the girl of my dreams. Then she turned around and I saw her face. Well, half of it because the rest was covered with her hair. I rolled my eyes.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, trying to even out my breathing.

"I could ask you the same thing," she replied.

"This is the boys' locker room and believe it or not, freak, I'm a boy," I said.

"Well, I got lost, all right?" she replied then just walked off.

"Bitch," I muttered.

"Bitch with a hot body," I added after a few seconds of thought.

I took a quick shower then left.

I walked down the hallways and saw Elleda, or whatever her name was. She was busy putting books into her locker. As I walked closer I realised her locker was right next to mine. Perfect! I tried to ignore her and walked to my locker. Just as I reacher my locker, Ashley popped up. I wasn't very fond of Ashley. She had a nice body but she was just too nagging. I knew she didn't really like me and she always made out with other guys behind my back. She was about 5'3 and seemed like a dwarf as opposed to my height, 6'1.

"Heeeeyyy, E-man," she purred.

I heard the freak snort. I rolled my eyes.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" Ashley asked in her annoying voice.

"No, not you," I replied.

"Then who? Tell meeeeee! Whoooo?" she whined.

"The girl next to me. The freaky one," I replied.

"Oh, her. Eww, I wonder if she washes her hair," she said loud enough for her to hear too.

I looked at the creep and noticed she was...smirking? What the hell?

"I'll ask her," Ashley said as she walked up to her. "Hey, you. What's your name?"

The freakzoid shut her locker and turned around. She looked down at Ashley.

"Me?" she asked.

"Yeah, you," Ashley replied.

"Adele."

Adele, so that was her name.

"So, Adele, do you ever wash your hair?" Ashley asked.

I rolled my eyes.

"What's it to you?" Adele asked.

"Umm..." Ashley was speechless. I couldn't believe it. Ashley. Was. Speechless.

Just then the bell rang.

"Look, little girl, I got to go to class," Adele said as she patted Ashley's head and walked away.

I spared a glance at Ashley and noticed she was pissed.

"I gotta leave, baby. Got basketball," I said as I kissed Ashley and left.

Ebony

I walked away when the bell rang then I hid behind a locker. I waited for Ethan to leave. I knew he was headed to the gym. We had both had P.E and the boys were playing basketball. I knew the boys only played with a pair of shorts. They didn't bother with shirts. I waited at the door of the gym with my bag. After all the boys filed out the locker room, I sneaked in. I walked through the doors. To my relief, the locker room was empty.

I walked around. I was looking for Ethan's bag. I moved around until I saw the blue bag with Ethan written on it. I smiled as I walked up to it. I unzipped the bag then took out his jeans. I opened my bag and took out my scissors. I cut love hearts into his jeans. I cut about five hearts before taking out the red food colouring. I took out Ethan's white t-shirt then splatted the colour in random shapes. After that I took out the super glue then glued the cotton to form a flower. To top it all off, I grabbed the blue food colouring and wrote the words 'I suck!' at the back of his shirt then let it dry for a while. I pasted a couple of cotton wool's back to back to form a line. Then I glued one end of the line at the back of his jeans so it looked like a tail.

I put his shirt and his jeans back into his bag before zipping it shut. I packed up my things before getting up to leave.

"What are you up to?" a voice asked.

SHIT! I quickly zipped up my bag and swung it over my shoulder. I turned around but was frozen by what I saw.

Ok, so I've been thinking about some new names

and I've come up with some along the lines of:

Her and him? Might as well be World War 3

That boy and that girl means World War 3

He loves her, she loves him, so why are they having World War 3?

So, you guys get me?

like something WW3

or I could just keep the current title.

Let me know what you think and if you've got any suggestions

Thanks.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Ebony

His chest was so perfect. His 6 pack was just alluring me to him. I had posed with a lot of male models before but they had always spent around an hour in the makeup room. The guy in front of me was all natural. He had just got out of the shower and had a white towel wrapped around his waist. My eyes were glued to his mastered body. Crystal clear droplets of water dripped down his naturally tanned arms.

I must have looked like an idiot just standing there and checking his chest out.

"Adele? Are you all right?" he asked.

My eyes shot up to his face and I straight away recognized him. Specs of water were trickling down his dark hair.

"Oh, um, hey," I greeted.

"So, what are you doing in the boys' locker room?" Zaiden asked me.

"I..I..I..I..."

"You..you..you..you..?" Zaiden trailed off.

"I thought this was the girls' locker room. What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, I was playing basketball and then I had to stop early 'coz I...wait, why am I telling you all this?" he asked.

"'Coz I asked you," I replied as I slid my bag's strap over my arm.

"Oh, right. Well, why aren't you with the rest of the girls playing?" he asked me.

"Didn't you already ask me that question?"

"Did I?" he raised a brow and half-smirked.

"You asked what I'm doing here then you asked me why I'm not with the girls," I replied.

"Yeah, but they aren't the same question."

"They both require the same answer," I replied, smirking.

Zaiden had a cheeky grin on.

"You're a smart girl, Adele," he replied.

"Yeah, well, did you actually think you could fool me?" I asked, trying not to act flattered by his remark.

"It was worth a go," he shrugged and crossed his arms over his chest.

I tried to ignore the way his biceps flexed but failed miserably.

"Like what you see?" he asked me and grinned sexily.

"I've seen better," I said, which sort of was true in a way.

"Imagination doesn't count," he told me and smiled.

"Babe, I didn't say I was talking about imagination," I replied and OH, SHIT! I just called him babe. Oh, well. It went good with my bad girl, flirtatious, full of attitude look.

He shook his head as he laughed.

"Anyways, you better go unless you wanna watch me change. I wouldn't blame you if you stayed, though," he said.

"I've got better things to look at, thanks," I said as I walked out.

"Oh, yeah? Like what?" he called after me.

"Like myself!" I shouted back at him.

I heard him mutter something like 'true' then I walked away, smiling.

It was time for Mathematics. I sat at my usual spot. Ethan wasn't there. I mentally laughed as I imagined his face once he saw his clothes. I had my phone ready so I could take a picture once I found him with those clothes on. I thought about posting the pictures on Facebook or about making a slide show and uploading it on Youtube. Haha, this was going to be so good.

Another 5 minutes went past when there was a knock on the door. Oh boy, oh boy! I held my iPhone out. It was already on camera mode. My heart picked up its pace. I was too excited. I bit my lower lip and anxiously waited.

"Come in!" the teacher yelled.

Then....Oh. My. Gosh. Ethan walked in and I just started cracking up. He looked like a complete and total moron.

Scratch that. He looked more like a moron than he always did. At the back of his shirt was written 'I suck' with blue ink and the front had random red spots. His jeans had love hearts cut out and there was a white line on cotton balls sticking out the back of his jeans. It looked like he had a tail.

I quickly snapped around ten photos. The rest of the class was trying not to laugh. I stood up.

"Hey, E-man! The tryouts for the circus aren't until next week!" I yelled out.

The class burst into laughter and Ethan just gave me a look that could kill.

Without further ado, Ethan spoke.

"Excuse me, sir? The principal would like to see Adele."

The class stopped laughing and every eye was on me. AWW, SHIT! Not the principal! I put on a facade and acted indifferent whereas really, I was terrified. I couldn't afford getting in trouble otherwise my mother would get me a tutor again.

I stuffed all my stuff in my bag then got up. I followed Ethan out the classroom and as I left, I caught Zaiden's eye. He looked amused and the look in his face told me that he knew what I was really doing in the locker room. I winked at him then walked out. Ethan shut the door behind us. We walked down the hallway in complete silence and once we were out of hearing range, he grabbed my bag and chucked it away. Then again, he pushed me against the lockers.

"What. The. Fuck!" he said through gritted teeth.

"Beg your pardon?" I asked in a clueless way.

He shoved me harder against the locker.

"You did this!" he accused.

I faked a gasp.

"Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Give me your phone!" he ordered.

"No," I said.

"Give. Me. It."

"N-O. No," I said.

"Y-I-S. Yes," he said.

"That's not how you spell yes," I informed him.

"Like I give a damn! Now, hand over your phone," he told me once again.

"Why?"

"I saw you take pictures."

Great. I quickly took my phone out of my pocket and shoved it down my bra.

"Well, you're delusional," I told him.

He pushed me even harder against the locker and there wasn't any gap between our bodies. I hated to admit it, but hell! I enjoyed his body being this close to mine. What? I was a growing girl and I couldn't control my sexual hormones. It was like they had a mind of their own.

"Give it. I just saw you shove it down your top," he said.

"Like I said, you're delusional."

"Don't make me get it myself," he said.

"I'm sure you'd enjoy it," I stated.

"Well, yes, it would make this experience more pleasurable but I don't think that's what you want. So, I'll tell you again. Give me your phone."

"Or what?" I challenged.

I thought it was impossible but he pressed his body harder against mine. His right arm went underneath my top and his hand trailed up my stomach.

"DON'T YOU DARE!" I shouted as I slapped his hand.

He moved his hand lower and started circling my belly button.

"Your choice. Give it to me, or I will get it myself. And I'm pretty sure you know how I'll retrieve it," he said.

As I was about to reply, I felt his fingers trace my belly button ring. He looked surprised for a split second then he regained his composure. I was about to give in when I had a better idea. I let my hands trail up his muscular arms. I mean, his flabby arms...okay his hot, flabby arms. I brought my hands up to his shoulders then gently, ran my nails down his neck. I let my hands travel down to his chest. My touch made him shiver and I smirked. My hands lingered around his perfect...no wait, his uneven (yeah, that was the word) abs. He took in a deep breath and shut his eyes. I could tell, well, rather feel he was enjoying this.

My hand went down to his fly and I was about to unzip it when I heard him gasp. He moved back at once. I tumbled on the floor. I kicked his leg and he stumbled on the floor too. I yanked my phone out of my bra and took another picture of him. Then I grabbed my bag and hit him on the head with it.

"That's what you get for touching what you can't have," I said.

Then I quickly turned around and ran away, grateful I was wasn't wearing heels.

Ethan

"That's what you get for touching what you can't have," she said and ran away.

I was too shocked to develop a smart ass comeback. Her touch had made me shiver and I went hard. My own girlfriend couldn't even get me that turned on. The way her fingers moved was too erotic that it should have been illegal. It weren't for her ugly hair covering her ugly face I would have completely lost control. Plus, she had a belly button ring. That was always a huge turn on for me. I didn't expect her to have one. I thought she would have probably had black spiderweb tattoos all over her body but she didn't. I never really liked tattoos anyways. I knew I had to get her back, and I would.

I stood up and went to my locker. I grabbed my things. I was going to ditch school. As I walked to my car, I pulled out the cotton ball tail.

"Funny," I muttered as I looked at it then chucked it away.

I opened the door but was shocked by what I saw.

A beautiful girl with black hair was walking down the street. I couldn't make out her face but she had stunning blue eyes. She had a black Giorgio Armani (hey! I knew a little something about fashion, too!) coat. Her legs were covered with black tights. Her hands were dug into her pockets and her head was down. She chucked on a pair of sunnies and walked away with her back to me.

I wanted to go after. I wanted to know her. Somehow she looked familiar. I shook my head and got into my car. I looked in my rear view mirror and saw her. She turned around and caught a glimpse of me in the car. She quickened her pace and before I knew it, she disappeared.

"Wow," I sighed. "If only Adele had that face."

Hey.

The more vomments (my word for vote and comment to those who don't know) I get, the quicker I'll upload!

Hope you liked it!

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 6

I got more than 35 votes on the last chapter so as promised, here's chapter 6!

Chapter 6

Ebony

I had just exited the convenience store when I wore my black coat. I had ditched the emo hairstyle look and went back to my usual neat layers. I placed my glasses onto my eyes and continued walking down the street. I hid my backpack in my coat. I walked with my head down but then I looked up as I heard a door slam. I turned around and saw a silver BMW. Inside the car was Ethan and he was staring at me through the rear view mirror. I quickly turned back around and fastened my steps. I walked until I reached the corner.

I breathed in relief. I went back to my normal pace and within 15 minutes, I was home. My mother's car wasn't in the driveway so I guessed she wasn't home. She never really was home anyways. She was a well-known barrister and didn't have much time for me.

I walked into my over sized house and looked at the time. It was only 10:30am. I sighed and walked into the kitchen. I placed my bag and coat on the bench top then looked out the window. The sun was shining brightly. The water looked blue and calm. The sand was white with specs of yellow.

I jogged up the stairs and changed into my red bikini set. I tied my hair into a pony tail. I stared in the mirror for a

minute then decided to bring my fringe to the front like I did at school. I applied sunscreen on my body then grabbed a black towel. I slipped my pedicured feet into my black thongs and grabbed my sunnies with my iPod.

I walked down the beach. It was pretty empty but then again it was a private sector of the beach. I took out my towel and laid on it. I shut my eyes then listened to my iPod. The song 'Bad Romance' by Lady Gaga was playing. I hummed to the tune until I heard a faint voice.

"This is a private beach," it said.

My eyes were squinted and I couldn't see the person properly. I sat up and regretted it straight away. Why me?

"I know it is," I replied.

"Then piss off," Ethan said, aggressively.

"No. I'm allowed here," I said.

"Said who?"

"Um, I'm a resident of this area."

"What!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Forget me, what are you doing here?" I asked as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"I live here, too," he said.

"What! Where?" I asked frantically as I stood up, sparing a glance at his perfect 8 pack.

He pointed to a house that was around 15 houses away from mine. I sighed in relief as I saw his house was at least

500 meters away from mine.

"But I'm moving to that house tomorrow," he said and pointed directly at the house that was located right next to mine.

Someone hand me a gun.

Ethan

I saw a chick lying in the sand. She had a red bikini on and looked too hot to ignore. So I walked up to her, with the hopes of making out with some sexy girl only to find Adele. Okay, so she looked hot when she was half-naked but that didn't mean much, right? Her hair was still covering most of her face and it pissed me off. I walked up to her.

"This is a private beach," I said.

I tried to keep my eyes on her face and not her boobs but failed miserably. Her belly button ring just sparkled. I was always a sucker for belly button rings.

"I know it is," she replied.

"Then piss off," I said, aggressively.

"No. I'm allowed here," she said.

"Said who?" I asked.

"Um, I'm a resident if this area."

"What!" I practically shouted.

"Forget me, what are you doing here?" she asked as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"I live here, too," I informed her.

"What! Where?" she asked.

I pointed to my house and she looked relieved.

"But I'm moving to that house tomorrow," I said and pointed to a different house that was closer to where we were standing.

She looked like she would faint any second.

"Why? Where do you live?" I asked.

She looked at me once then smirked.

"What's it to you?" she asked.

"I told you where I live so you have to tell me where you live," I said.

"You didn't have to tell me where you live, Eeth," she said.

"Wait! Eeth?" I asked.

"Yeah, can't I call you that?" she batted her long lashes.

"No! That is such a gay nickname," I replied.

"So is E-man."

"E-man is cool. Eeth is…lame."

"Whatever, Eeth," she said.

"Fine, Ad."

"Pfft! Ad? That the best you got?" she scoffed.

"I don't care what you think! And by the way, I'd watch my back if I were you."

"Really? Why?" she asked as she grabbed her towel and walked off.

I followed her.

"'Coz I'm getting you back for what you did and yeah, you're gonna get it bad!" I told her.

"Why do you act like didn't enjoy every second in that hallway?" she asked, referring back to earlier that day when I had her pinned onto the locker.

"I didn't enjoy it! Not at all! You think I actually like having a feud with some 13 year-old?"

"Okay, firstly, I'm 17 and secondly, according to your dick, you had one hell of a time!" she smirked.

CRAP! CRAP! CRAP! She felt it? Shit! Shit! Shit!

Ebony

"Okay, firstly, I'm 17 and secondly, according to your dick, you had one hell of a time!" I said and smirked.

He looked taken aback for just a second.

"Don't act like you didn't like it rubbing you."

My mouth dropped open and this time he smirked. Stupid bastard!

"Please. I've had better experiences," I said, which was true.

"As if! Who in their right mind would want to fuck you?" he laughed.

"Your mum!" I retorted then walked away.

He had stopped laughing.

"Nobody talks about my mum like that!" he said.

I turned back around.

"I just did!" I yelled and continued walking towards my house.

I had no idea what happened after that but next thing I knew, I was on the sand with him on top of me. His arms were tightly wrapped around me. Why did all our arguments include him being on top of me?

"Get off me!" I shouted.

"Take back what you said," he told me.

"What did I say? Your mum?"

"Yeah."

"How the hell do you expect me to that back?" I yelled.

He squeezed me tighter. I felt the warmness of his bare chest again mine. I gasped from the pleasure and the pain, but mainly from the pain.

"Let go!" I shouted.

He didn't listen to me so I grabbed the back of his board shorts and pulled them down. His hands straight away moved from around me and he pulled his shorts back up. I

quickly pushed him off and stood up, ready to run away. However, I felt his hand grab the back of my bikini. He pulled it and the strings snapped. My bikini fell off me and I was glad my back was to Ethan. I rapidly dug my chest into the sand so he couldn't see anything.

Ethan just laughed so hard I thought his head would explode. I was red with anger. If it was possible, steam would have been shooting out from my ears. Ethan grabbed the remainder of my bikini and my towel. He stood up and walked away, leaving me bare-chested in the sand.

"See ya at school!" he called out and wiggled his cute butt away...no wait, because he had so much fat around his ass, his butt involuntarily bounced around as he walked. Yeah, that was what happened.

I yelled in anger. I was completely topless. I noticed no one else was on the beach but I still decided to make it look like I was getting a tan. So I just laid flat on my stomach. I raised my head and looked at the water. I was only about 15 meters away from it. My gaze wandered around and the beach was still empty. I took a sharp breath and rolled down the beach until I plumped into the water. I continued rolling until I was out of the shallow area. I sat down on the sea floor and the water covered everything up to my neck. I stayed there just sitting for a while cursing Ethan. How the hell could he have the nerve to do something like that? He was one stupid, idiotic, foolish, lame, stuck up prick who just so happened to be good looking!

I stayed in the water for a couple of more minutes then without revealing my body, I dragged myself to the shore. I looked around before I rolled onto the sand. I rotated around in the sand until I had a satisfying quantity stuck onto me. I stood up and was relieved when I saw my breasts were

covered a bit. Without hesitation I walked to where my iPod was but then I realized it wasn't where I had left it.

"Ethan," I groaned.

"Adele?" a voice shouted.

I looked to my left and saw Zaiden. He was walking up to me. SHIT! CRAP! FUCK! His abs were even hotter in the light. DAMN! DARN! FORNICATION! GAHHH!

I averted my gaze and continued walking up the beach. I crossed my arms over my chest. What was he even doing here? It wasn't past three and he was still supposed to be at school.

"Adele! Wait up!" he yelled as he jogged up to me.

He was about 20 meters away when I yelled.

"No! Zaiden! STOP!"

He stopped dead in his tracks and gave me a questioning look.

"What's wrong?" he asked loud enough for me to hear.

"You. Can't. Come. Close. To. Me!" I yelled back.

"Why?" he shouted.

"Because....!" I started and thought for words. "This is a private beach!"

"I know! I'm at my Aunt's place. She lives here!" he yelled back. "I'm coming to you whether you like it or not!"

I had to think of something to say and quick. Zaiden was getting closer to me by the second.

"Don't get any closer to me!" I warned as I took a few steps back.

"But, why?" he asked.

"Because.." I was at a lose for words.

I didn't know what to say.

"Because what?" he shouted.

I gulped and said something I thought I would never say.

"Because I just went skinny dipping!" I yelled back.

Zaiden stopped and his eyes went wide.

"Oh...I...uhh...I see," he said as he looked down.

His cheeks were going red.

"And I'm sorta like...not wearing a top!" I shouted.

Zaiden went redder and he looked up.

"I'm sorry. It looked like you were wearing a sort of creamy colour bikini. I'll..uh..go now?"

I just smiled and slapped myself mentally. Skinny dipping? Seriously, skinny dipping! Gosh, I hated Ethan so much.

"Would you like me....to..get..you..a...towel?" he asked, shyly.

I thought about it but then decided I didn't need one. I just wanted to get out of there as soon as possible and I didn't want to risk Zaiden getting any closer to me because I felt the sand sliding away from my breasts.

"I'm all right, thanks," I shouted back and literally ran back to my house.

"By the way, Adele, next time you go skinny dipping make sure you call me!" he shouted after me and I just grinned as I disappeared from his line of sight.

I literally sprinted into my house and once I was inside, I sighed in relief. I walked into my room and stripped myself naked. I stepped in my bathroom and turned the shower on. I untied my hair and let it fall loosely on my shoulders. I stepped into the shower thinking about how I could get Ethan back. I sighed and let the warm water drain my worries away.

Ethan

I couldn't stop laughing. I had just pulled her bikini off. Well, it was an accident. I had not meant to pull it off. I just didn't want her to get away that easily so I grabbed whatever I could and it just so happened to be her bikini strap.

I wished her back wasn't to me. I wouldn't have minded seeing her boobs, but she just dug her chest into the sand and stayed like that. I grabbed her towel and the rest of her bikini. I didn't know her iPod was wrapped with the towel.

I walked into my house. There were boxes everywhere. We were moving houses the next day and it was only just down the street. I remembered Adele and how she had said 'your mum'. I loved my mother very much. I wished I could visit her grave but it was in London. She died there and we had

to move. I was an only child. My dad and I have been best friends ever since but he hasn't been home lately. It had something to do with his new business partner moving to Miami.

I sighed as I chucked Adele's stuff onto my bed. I smiled when I thought about her. Freak.

"Adele?" I heard a faded semi-familiar voice shout.

I walked up to my window and just barely saw a figure walking to Adele. One glance at Adele made me laugh. She was walking but..she didn't have anything covering her chest? I squinted my eyes and wondered if she really would just walk back topless. I felt a pang of jealousy rush through me as I saw the figure walk closer to her. What the hell? Jealousy?

"Don't get any closer to me!" I heard Adele shout.

"But, why?" the boy asked and I recognized him as Zaiden. He was a cool guy.

"Because.." Adele hesitated. I shut out every other sound and focused all my attention on them.

"Because what?" Zaiden shouted.

"Because I just went skinny dipping!" Adele shouted and at that, I lost all control.

I went into hysterics. It was the funniest lie ever! I couldn't believe she had the guts to say something like that. I wiped a tear from my eye. My hand clutched my stomach and I took deep breaths.

"And I'm sorta like...not wearing a top!" Adele shouted again.

At that I cracked up again. What an idiot, I thought. I wondered if she knew I, let alone the whole neighbourhood could hear her.

I couldn't take it anymore so I just shut my window and rolled on the floor laughing. I must have laughed for ages. I couldn't stop, however my laughter came to a halt when I heard someone ring the doorbell. I chucked on a shirt then jogged down the stairs. I opened the door and HOLY SHIT!

-

Hey everyone.

Don't forget to vomment. I tried to make it longer and I was actually gonna add what. Ethan saw at the door but then I thought that would be too much typing for one day. I was actually intending on stopping at the bit where Zaiden shouts 'Adele!' but I guess you all got lucky :-)

haha I'll post next one when I get enough vomments.

take care guys!

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Ethan

What the hell was she doing here? I just stood there, staring at her. Somehow she looked different. She wasn't wearing the heavy eyeliner and her hair was wet. Her fringe was neatly tucked to the side and her cheeks were a rosy red. She was wearing white skater shoes with blue jeans that cut off just before her knees. Her torso was covered with a black tank top that hugged her figure perfectly. Her long hair was all brought to her right side and flipped over her shoulder. Her blue eyes seemed calm yet fierce. Adele actually, sort of, kind of, a little bit, like, maybe looked pretty. Her arms were locked behind her and she had a small smirk on her face.

"What do you want?" I asked her impatiently.

"I just came here to get my iPod and my towel," she replied calmly.

"And what if I don't want to give them back to you?" I challenged as I raised a brow.

"Then I will just have to do this," she said as she pointed a large, black gun to my chest.

"What the fuck? You'll kill me?" I asked.

"No, you idiot. It's a paintball gun?"

I grinned. "Do you think paint is gonna make me give you your things?"

She pressed the gun harder to my chest and I stumbled backwards into my house. She walked in and shut the door behind her. She cornered me to the wall.

"I'll tell you one more time. Give me my stuff back."

"No," I said as I stood my ground.

"Fine. I guess I'll have to shoot," she said as she took a couple of steps back.

"Give me your best shot, bitch," I said.

She pulled the trigger. A blob of green came shooting through the hole and in a split second, my black shirt was covered in green paint. She shot again and this time, a ball of pink came hurdling towards me. It hit my face.

"Maybe you should take a rest. You've gone pink," she joked.

It was pretty lame but the way she said it nearly made me laugh. Good thing I didn't.

"At least I didn't go skinny dipping," I retorted.

Her cheeks went even more red. "You heard that?"

"Everybody heard. You were practically shouting," I told her and smirked evilly.

"Whatever," she said as she shot again.

This time globes of red, blue and white splashed on my legs, and I was wearing shorts. I fell to the floor and she took full

advantage of that. She shot at my hair and once it turned purple, she ran up the stairs.

I quickly gathered myself and followed her up the stairs. She went straight into my room and shut the door in my face.

"Bitch," I muttered as held my aching nose.

I was ready to break down the door so I was surprised when the door opened with ease. I grinned triumphantly. She had forgotten to lock the door. I stepped into my room and saw her. She was gripping onto her towel and her iPod was inserted safely into her pocket.

"What do you want now?" she asked.

"There's no way for you to get out," I informed her as I locked my door and stood in front of it.

"Well, then move," she ordered me.

"No," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest and lifted my chin high.

She cracked up laughing and took something out of her back pocket. It was her iPhone. She snapped a picture.

"No, you don't!" I said as I ran towards her.

She screamed while laughing and moved. I landed on my bed. She put her phone back into her pocket and ran to the door.

"Crap! It won't open!" she realized.

I laughed. "You need a key," I said as I sat up on my bed.

"Dammit!" she yelled as she kicked my door.

I just laughed more.

She frantically searched the room and then she simpered. What was she up to? Her eyes met mine for a second then before I could say 'what the hell?', she was at my window. She opened it and threw her gun out. Then without a word or glance, she jumped out the window.

Ebony

There was a pipe next to his window so I grasped onto that and slid my way down. I landed with a soft thud and looked up. Ethan was staring at me with wide eyes. I grinned and waved goodbye. I grabbed the gun then ran to the front yard. I ran out on the street then saw a familiar Mercedes Benz heading my way.

"Shit! That's Mum," I mumbled as I sprinted back to my house.

I made it about 30 seconds before my mother. I ran to my room and locked my door. I looked at the time. It was two in the afternoon and school ended at three. I blow dried my hair then tied it in a neat pony tail. I changed into my Guess skirt with a matching top. I wore my wedges then sat in my room until three-thirty.

I slowly walked down the stairs with my school bag. My mum was in the kitchen talking on the phone. I walked to the front door and opened it. Then I slammed it shut.

"Mum! I'm home!" I yelled.

My mother popped her head out of the kitchen doorway and waved hello then signaled for me to stay quite. I dropped my bag onto the ground then walked into the kitchen.

"That would be great. No worries. Thank you," my mum said into the phone. "Okay, see you then. Bye."

My mum hung up then looked at me.

"Guess what, kiddo?"

"What?" I asked as I took an apple out of the fridge.

"You've got a photo shoot in London next week," she told me.

"Really? London? Awesome!" I said while taking a bite from my apple.

"You'll be with another model posing for Dior's new fragrance."

"What about school?" I asked.

"I can talk to your teachers and-"

"No!"

"Pardon?"

"I mean, I can talk to my teachers. They're pretty cool so they should all right with it," I lied.

"That's great then," my mother said.

"Yeah. Perfect, aye?"

"By the way, dear, this Friday we're going out to dinner with Mr. Tizzard and his family."

I was about to ask who Mr. Tizzard was but then figured I didn't care.

"How's school?" my mum asked.

"It's...all right, you know, normal."

"Hope no boy is giving you a hard time."

"What? Hmm? What boy? I don't know any boy," I lied frantically, praying she didn't know about Ethan.

"I'm just saying, because it's not everyday a boy gets the chance to be in the same class as Ebony Lynx," my mother said proudly.

"Well, it's all cool. They're very respectful boys. Plus, they want me to fit in so badly that they call me Adele," I lied smoothly. "Everybody calls me Adele. I think you should, too."

"But your name is Ebony Adele. So I will call you Ebony. If it was Adele Ebony, then I would have called you Adele."

"I just think that it would help me fit in better, that's all," I lied again.

"Gosh, what is it with teenagers and fitting in?" my mum rolled her eyes. "Anyways, I'm off now. Don't forget about London next week."

"Right. Bye."

I took my phone out and went through the pictures. I headed to my laptop and transferred the embarrassing pictures of Ethan onto it. I went on Facebook and typed in my school's name. I had one Facebook account for fans and work, and a private one with 'Adele Lynx'. I got 72 results and recognized most of the people from school. I sent them

a friend's request then uploaded the pictures of Ethan onto my profile. Within minutes I had comments mostly saying;

'LMAO!'

'LOL feel bad 4 him'

'hahahaha...he's gonna freak once he sees dis'

'OMG! U took a pic! Haha'

'wats up wit the paint? Lol'

'I remember da weird clothes bit at skool but wtf is the paint s'posed to be? LOL'

'hahaha...luv da pics but u in deep shit, girl'

I browsed through all the comments. I got an email in about fifteen minutes. It was a friend request from someone named 'E-man'. I laughed my ass off and declined. The comments and views kept on coming.

"ADELE!" a voice shouted from outside.

The voice was too manly to belong to my mother. I looked out my window and saw Ethan at the beach. I could hardly make him out. It was six-thirty in the evening and the lights were pretty dim.

"Shit," I mumbled.

"ADELE! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME! SO GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE, NOW!" he continued shouting.

I rushed down the stairs while messing up my hair, making sure some of it covered my face then I walked out the door. I yanked my heels off and ran barefoot down the street and

onto the beach. It was only when I reached the beach that I realized I was wearing a long, gypsy skirt with a professional looking top. I thought about going back and changing into a pair of black jeans and a black top but then I heard Ethan yell again.

"ADELE LYNX! YOU FUCKING BITCH! GET YOUR BUTT OUT HERE BEFORE I KNOCK ON EVERY DOOR UNTIL I FIND YOU!"

I stepped onto the sand and walked closer to Ethan.

"ADE-"

"I'm here!" I cut him off.

He turned around and looked taken aback by what I was wearing. I guessed he didn't expect someone like me to wear something so ladylike, but then again he didn't even know the real me. I wasn't really a tomboy goth.

He rushed up to me and held my face with both his hands.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? What is up with those pictures on Facebook?" he asked.

"I told you I would get you back," I replied.

"Delete those pictures."

"You haven't even seen them," I said.

"But my friends have and they told me about them and I want them off," he said through gritted teeth.

He let go of my face and sighed.

"I'll think about it," I said.

"You'll what? No way! Delete them. NOW!" he raised his voice again.

"What if I don't want to?"

"Then I'll make you."

"How?" I asked.

He grabbed my wrist and pushed me forward. Then he twisted it and pulled me back. He bent down and whispered into my ear.

"I have my ways."

He pulled me harder so that my back was closer to his chest.

"Let. Go. Of. Me," I said through gritted teeth.

"Why? Feeling uncomfortable?" he asked as he brushed his cool lips against my neck.

"No, because you'll get hurt if you don't," I said.

"Hurt? How so?" he asked in my left ear.

I lifted my right leg and was ready to kick him where he would suffer most.

"Why do we keep doing this?" he whispered to himself.

I wasn't supposed to hear it but I did and my leg froze. I dropped it back on the ground and turned my head.

"Pardon?" I asked him. Oops! That was polite. "I mean, what?"

"Nothing," he replied bluntly as he let me go.

Then he turned around and walked away. His head was down and his hands were in his pockets. I felt guilty. Maybe I should have just deleted those pictures. I ran after him.

"Ethan!" I yelled.

He turned around and I saw the sadness in those blue eyes of his. I took a deep breath.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," I said. "I guess..." I hesitated. "I'm..sorr....reee."

He looked into my eyes and I looked into his.

"Prove it," he said.

Then he moved his face closer to mine. Oh, shit! What do I do? Should I lean in or tell him to stop? I didn't want to hurt him so I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I moved my face closer to his and braced myself.

Okay, huge thanks goes out to everybody who vommented on the

last couple of chapters!

It was because of you guys I decided to continue.

Btw, I was going to put what happens next but then where would the fun be in that?

hehe anyways,

don't forget to vomment!

xox.

© Adorkable

World War III - Chapter 8

Special shout out to;

taayBABE

make sure you check out her story (major mishaps of my life!)

It is really awesome and one of my faves on wattpad.

Chapter 8

Ethan

I opened my eyes and saw she had her eyes shut and her lips pouted. Perfect, I thought. I stopped voice recording and switched my phone to camera mode. As she leaned in closer, I took a picture. The camera's shutter tone went off and Adele zapped her eyes open. I grinned.

She looked pissed. I thought she would rip my head off any second.

"Did you actually think I would kiss you?" I asked.

She didn't reply. She just stared daggers at me. I took a few steps back.

"I'll send you another friend's request just in case you wanna watch the video I'll make," I said as I walked away.

Part of me actually wondered what would have happened if I had kissed her. What would she have tasted like? How would her lips have felt against mine? I turned back to look at her

but she wasn't there. How did she disappear so fast? I shook my head and continued walking to my house.

Once I got inside, I dodged all the boxes and went into my room. I slammed the door shut and turned my laptop on. I clicked on Moviemaker and uploaded the voice recording and the picture. I looked at the picture. She looked familiar. She seemed...kind of cute. It was like I had seen those luscious lips pouted before. Ew, did I say luscious? I meant, disease infested lips. I worked on it for no more than ten minutes then uploaded the final piece onto Facebook. I sent Adele another friend's request. She accepted almost immediately. I laughed and decided I might as well check out my pictures on her account.

Ebony

I accepted his friend request immediately. I clicked on his account and saw that Mr. Egotistical had a new video uploaded. I took a deep breath and pressed 'Play'.

A black screen came up. Then in white letters it wrote;

'If you think Adele Lynx hates me....'

Those words faded out and then a new set of words came up;

'...then think again!'

Then my voice came out.

"Ethan! I didn't mean to hurt you. I guess...I'm..sorr....reee."

My eyes nearly popped out. He had recorded my voice? Then it hit me. He had recorded my voice! The video continued. The words written in white came up again.

'You'd think her apology was enough, right?'

Oh, no! I knew what was coming next. Those words faded out and a group of new words popped up.

'But not for her. Next thing I knew, she tried to kiss me!'

Those words were replaced by;

'Don't believe me? Here's the proof...'

Then the picture of me with my eyes shut and lips pouted was shown. Okay, I had posed like I was about to kiss someone before but this was different. As if that weren't enough, my voice was played again.

I was staring at the screen with my face on it and my voice saying, "Ethan! I didn't mean to hurt you. I guess...I'm..sorr....reee." Eventually, it ended. I scrolled down to look at the comments.

'I wish I had those lips....'

'dude, if I were u, I wud have f**ked her brains out right der n then!'

'Shame if she's dat desperate and just threw herself at u...'

'hahaha…dats wat dat bitch gets 4 messing wit my man!'

Guess who that one was from? Yup, Ashley!

I scrolled down and laughed out loud when I read someone's reply to Ashley's comment.

'WTF?!? Earth to Ashley! Ethan is not ur man. Ur just so obsessed wit the idea that u think its real! I think Adele would make a better girlfriend than u'

I laughed my ass off at that comment. It was from a girl named 'Lizzie'. I liked her already. I sent her a friend's request and waited patiently until she accepted. I checked out her profile and found Zaiden's account. I sent him a friend's request, too.

I went back to Ethan's video. I decided to leave a comment. There was no way I would let him get to me. I wasn't too bummed out about the picture. I had worse shots. I left a comment

saying;

'Eeth, I know you're gonna hang that picture on your ceiling and on your walls just so you can wake up to it!'

Then I logged off Facebook and turned my laptop off. It was only 8:30 pm and I was tired. I quickly brushed my teeth and changed into my pink silk boxers and pink tank top before dropping into unconsciousness.

I woke up feeling fresh and revitalized. I took a brief shower then wore my clothes. I had on a white, sleeveless dress that fell to my knees with a pair of white pumps. I lifted all my hair into a rose-like bun. I grabbed mascara, eye liner, eye shadow and lip stick then a pair of black jeans and a purple shirt. I stuffed them into my bag with purple converse then I went downstairs.

"Morning," I said to my mother.

"Oh, well, don't you look lovely this morning. Don't forget we have dinner with Mr. Tizzard tonight," she said.

"Don't worry. I haven't forgotten. What time?" I asked while taking a bite from my crunchy toast.

"He'll meet us here at six."

"Cool," I said as I nodded in approval.

"Anyways, John is outside waiting for you. Finish your breakie then meet him. I don't want you to be late for school," my mother said as she grabbed her suitcase and kissed me on my forehead.

"See ya, mum!" I shouted.

"Bye, honey!" she shouted as I heard the front door slam shut.

I quickly finished my Nutella on toast then gulped down a whole glass of milk in one go. If my mum was there she would have told me to act like a lady.

I grabbed my school bag then walked outside. John was standing at the black limousine's door. He held it open for me.

"Good morning," he greeted.

"Hey, John," I smiled as I got in the limo.

He entered the driver's seat then took off. I kicked my shoes off.

"Hey, John? Do you mind if I keep these shoes here? I can't be bothered carrying them with me today," I said.

"Not a problem, Miss. You can collect them while I drive you back home," he said.

"Thank you."

I put the shoes to the side then yanked the pins out of my hair. My hair fell loosely on my shoulders. I pulled out my fringe and allowed it to cover most of my face again. I ruffled my hair.

"Um, John?" I asked.

"Yes?"

"I would like to get changed in the car today seeing how I'm already late. So I was wondering if you could..." my voice trailed off.

"Oh, yes! Not a problem," he said as he caught on. He pressed a button and a black board whined up between us. It was sound proof so I picked up the small telephone and thanked him.

I shrugged off my dress and neatly folded it. I struggled to pull up my jeans as the car turned. I fell to the car floor and did my buttons. Then I pulled on my tight purple t-shirt. I pulled up my white ankle socks then slipped my feet into my black and purple converse. I sat back up on the seat and sighed as the car came to a stop.

I ran out of the limo and didn't bother with the store. I was already late. I ran through the front doors and ignored the stares I got. I was pretty sure I looked different without the eyeshadow and the eye liner. Plus, the wind blew my hair away as I ran. I picked up my pace and made it into the girls' bathroom. I sighed in relief as I saw no one else was in there. I took out my eyeliner and applied it in my eyes, on my eyelids and a bit underneath each of my eye. I grabbed my purple eye shadow and dabbed a lot on my eyelids, just above the eyeliner. Next I fetched my purple lipstick and rubbed it on my lips. Again I got my eyeliner and went over

my eyebrows. I made them thicker and darker. Then I found mascara and lightly applied it on my eyelashes.

I looked in the huge rectangular mirror in front of me. I was unrecognizable. I smiled then put everything back into my bag. I fluffed up my hair with my hands one more time then I walked out. I had Biology and I was running late. I turned and on the other end of the hallway, I saw him. I gave him the evil eye and he more than willingly returned it.

I picked up my pace, wanting to make it to class before him. He did the same. I started power-walking and so did he. We reached the door at the exact same time. We both put our hand on the door knob.

"Who are you supposed to be? Frankenstein's bride?" he asked.

"Get lost, Eeth," I said.

"I came here first," he said.

"No, I did," I said as I looked up into his blue eyes.

"I don't think so," he said.

"You look different today. Did you actually wake up to my picture?" I smirked.

"Oh, funny! Now, move!" he said through gritted teeth.

"No!" I said as I turned the knob.

We both walked through the doorway together and got stuck.

"Ouch! Move, big foot!" I said as I tried to squeeze my way through the door frame.

"You move, fat ass!" he said.

"Haven't you heard of 'ladies first'?" I asked as I finally managed to squeeze myself out of the doorway and stumbled onto the ground.

Ethan scoffed. "I thought that was only the case when there actually were ladies around."

"Ethan, Adele. Nice to see you both decided to join us finally," the teacher said.

"Sorry, sir. Big foot there decided to block the doorway with his humongous-ness," I said as I stood up.

"Not my fault your fat ass couldn't fit," he said.

"Seeing how you both are late, you will have to be working together now. We are dissecting bull's eye. Grab a scalpel, scissors and tweezers. There should be an eye on the table at the back," the teacher said. "Oh, and, Adele? I know we're not dealing with fire but you still might want to tie you hair back."

I took a hair band out of my bag then tied it, loosely. I made sure my fringe was still in place.

Ethan and I put on white gloves then walked to the table. I dropped my bag onto the ground and got started. I put on safety glasses just in case I squirted some of the eye juice onto myself. That gave me an idea. I laughed evilly.

"What's so funny?" Ethan asked.

"Your face," I mumbled. "Now, come closer. We need to do this properly. I want you to observe intently then take notes."

"All right," he said as he bent down so his head could be at the same level as mine. I smiled and bent further down. So did he.

I used to the tweezers to remove the unnecessary outer layer of skin. Then I got the scalpel and gently poked it in the pupil.

"Are you watching?" I asked.

"Yeah, I am."

"Good," I said.

Then I pressed the scalpel deeper and liquid squirted out of the eye. It landed straight on Ethan's face. Some went into his nose. His scrunched his face up and just stayed still for a while.

I gasped."Oh my gosh! Are you OK?"

"You did that on purpose," he accused.

"Did what on purpose?"

"Squirted that...whatever it was, on me."

"I cannot believe you're blaming me for this," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest.

He just glared at me.

"I'm serious! I didn't do it purposely!" I lied and prayed God would forgive me for lying a lot lately. "I'll help you clean it off but I didn't plan for it to happen."

I walked to the tap and grabbed a clean cloth. I wet it a bit then spurted some soap before I walked back to Ethan.

"Um," I hesitated.

I stretched out my hand and gently started to brush the cloth on his nose. He winced but held still. I went to his cheeks and wiped them too then reluctantly, I wiped his lips. He looked amused and was trying to hold back a smile. My face was all scrunched up and I didn't want to irritate him.

"I can take it from here," he said as he grabbed the cloth and roughly wiped his face. I sighed in relief, and he actually chuckled?

Okay, this was getting awkward.

"Can we go back to hating each other, now?" I asked.

"Thought you'd never ask," he said as we started to work on that eye.

After we finished dissecting, we had 15 minutes of class left so the teacher whose name I had forgotten, gave us free time. Ethan and I packed up then we just sat at our desk. I saw Zaiden and he saw me. We smiled at each other and he asked if he could come over. I nodded. Just as Zaiden was approaching me, Ashley walked up to Ethan. She looked annoyed.

"Hey, E-man," she purred.

"Sup?" Ethan replied.

"Hey loser whose name I've forgotten," she said to me.

I ignored her.

"Hello? I was like talking to you!" she waved a hand in front of my face.

"Hello? I was like ignoring you!" I replied in the same annoying voice she had used.

"Hey, Adele," Zaiden said.

"Oh, h-hi. Zaiden," I said and couldn't believe I had actually stuttered.

"This is Lizzie," Zaiden said to me as a cute girl with short dark blonde hair stepped out.

"Hi," she said.

She was the girl who had left that comment on Ethan's profile. I looked at Ethan and he was staring at Zaiden. His face was unreadable.

"Hey, Lizzie. I'm Adele."

"Nice to finally meet you. I've heard and seen quiet a lot about you," Lizzie said.

I laughed. It was a first for me. I genuinely laughed since I came to this school. Wow!

Ethan

Adele laughed. Her laugh sounded so sweet and musical. It was just so alluring. I had never heard her genuinely laugh. I glared at Zaiden. I didn't know how he could just walk up to her and talk to her like that. I could never have a normal conversation with her. Well, at least I thought she would never want to talk to me. I ignored Ashley's pestering and continued listening to their conversation.

"Lizzie and I have been best friends ever since pre-k," Zaiden said and smiled at Lizzie.

Something like sadness washed through Lizzie's green eyes as he said this. Maybe she liked him more than a friend?

"Wow. The longest I've ever had a true friend for would probably be like...two months," Adele said.

I looked at her. She was talking normally. She didn't sound like a bitch anymore, and two months? Jeez, maybe that was why she was so...anti-socially different. No, wait. She couldn't have been anti-social. She got along pretty well with Zaiden and Lizzie.

"Two months? Well, you'll be stuck with me for more than two months," Lizzie said as she sat on top of the black desk.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to her," Zaiden assured while grinning at Adele.

Adele...giggled? What the hell? I thought only those preppy, girlie, flirty chicks only did that. Not the emo, goth, freaky ones.

"Ethaaaaan! C'mon babe! Look at meeee!" Ashley whined.

"Oh, hey, Ashley. I see you're still trying get with Ethan and failing epically," Lizzie said.

"Ugh! FYI! I am Ethan's girlfriend!" Ashley said.

That wasn't entirely true. We were always on and off. I knew Ashley cheated on me with every other guy there was. I just went along with the whole relationship thing for my image.

"Isn't that what you said about the like what? Other 300 guys in this school?" Lizzie asked.

Ashley went a bit red. "Um, no! Look, I'll prove it."

Then Ashley brought her lips to mine. I didn't want her to kiss me, especially not in front of Adele. She cupped my face and forced my mouth open. She tasted like another guy I knew, Mathew. I could smell his cologne. I gently pushed her off.

"Don't, Ashley," I whispered.

"But, why? I mean, don't you like me?" she asked.

"Ashley, what am I? The seventh guy you've kissed today? I'm sorry, but it's over," I said.

Ashley's eyes went wide then she scowled.

"You never were a good kisser, anyways!" she said as she stomped off to sit with some other guy. I turned to face the other 3 people. Zaiden and Lizzie were staring at Ashley with a smug look on their face, whereas, Adele was staring at her feet. I couldn't read her facial expression because her hair was covering her face.

"You know, it's not true. I'm not a bad kisser. Ashley just said that coz she was pissed off," I assured everyone.

"Dude, I don't care," Zaiden said.

"And I didn't want to know. I don't plan on kissing you any time soon," Lizzie said, disgusted.

I looked at Adele and she was smiling. It was like she was trying hard not to laugh. She looked up at me. Did I actually make her laugh?

"So you're saying that you spend hours in your room and kiss yourself just to see if you're good or not?" she asked, smugly.

Zaiden and Lizzie cracked up laughing. I sighed. That was why she was trying not to laugh. Wait a minute! Why did I even care if I made her laugh or not? I mentally slapped myself and rushed out of the room as soon as the bell went.

Ebony

Ashley had kissed Ethan. I didn't really care and I kept on telling myself that but there was just this little piece of me deep, deep and I meant way deep down that couldn't help but feel jealous. I really liked Lizzie. We hit it off pretty well and I knew I could trust her. I spent the rest of the day with Zaiden and Lizzie. Zaiden was a complete and total sweetheart. I had a feeling Lizzie liked Zaiden more than a friend. Ethan and I practically ignored each other for the rest of the day and I honestly, did not care. The farther away from him I was, the better.

It was hometime and I walked to the convenience store. I went into the bathroom and hastily, washed all my makeup off. I walked out the store and saw the limo. I looked around before entering the limo. My old clothes and shoes were still where I left them. I changed back into my old clothes and finished just as we reached home. I didn't bother fixing my hair. I walked up to the front door. It wasn't locked so I just opened it and walked in. I figured my mother was home but didn't bother looking for her. She would freak if she saw my hair all emo style.

I walked into my room. I dropped my bag and stripped off my dress. I was only in my white bra and underwear when I turned around and saw Ethan staring at me wide-eyed through the window.

"YOU'RE MY NEIGHBOUR?" he shouted loud enough for me to hear, but not before he let his eyes look me up and down.

Pfft! Typical guy.

Hey.

I went on wattpad and saw the votes I had on my last chapter

so I finished typing this chapter.

It's like 12:10 am and I am sooo tired but a promise is a promise, right?

Hope you guys enjoyed this and I tried to make it longer.

Don't forget to vomment for the next chapter!!

BTW, congrats to Hidden_Anjel for guessing right and saying that Ethan was only pretending to want to kiss Adele and had a phone hidden somewhere. *thumbs up*

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 9

Thanks soo much for the votes and the comments!

Keep them coming if you want the next chapter soon!

Chapter 9

Ethan

So there I was feeling great about dumping that cheating whore when I opened the door of my new room only to look out the window and see a half naked chick. I grinned thinking about the fact that I might make out with my sexy new neighbour. That was only until she turned around and I saw her face. I dropped my bags on the ground and my eyes went wide, and not from the fact that she was my neighbour but because her body was too hot.

"YOU'RE MY NEIGHBOUR?" I shouted.

She smirked then rushed to her window. She licked her lips seductively then gave me the finger before pulling her curtains shut.

"So that's why she didn't tell me where she lived," I mumbled to myself.

I looked around my room. It was larger than my old one. My lovely king-sized bed was in the centre of the room. My study desk was opposite my bed and everything else was still in its boxes. I spent an hour and a half unpacking. I stopped when I heard the front door opening.

"Ethan, I'm home!" my dad shouted.

"Hey, dad! I'm up in my room!" I shouted back. I walked out of my room and went downstairs, but not before I looked out my window. Her curtains were still down. I sighed and jogged down the stairs.

Ebony

I licked my lips in a seductive way then I flipped him the finger before closing the curtains. At first I wanted to run into my closet and grab something to wear but then I thought I might as well have some fun. I was in my room and I brushed my hair back into its neat layers. I just wore a white bathrobe on top of my underwear.

"Hey, mum," I said.

"Hello, dear. Dinner starts in two hours. Make sure you look presentable," my mother said.

"Don't worry, I will," I said as I took out a yellow bowl with cereal. I put the milk first then the cereal, not the other way around. I started chomping down my food. When I finished eating, I placed the bowl in the sink and rinsed it off before going back into my room.

I resisted the urge to pull up my curtains. I took off my robe then rummaged through my large walk-in-robe. I took out a sleeveless hot pink dress. It was silk and it clung onto my figure with the hem gracefully flowing until it reached just above my knees. When it came to shoes, I went with closed black heels. I grabbed my pink eyeshadow and lightly dabbed some on my eyes. I covered my lips with clear lip gloss then smiled at my reflection. I decided to once again do my hair in a rose-like bun. Once I finished I went downstairs and saw my mother. She was wearing a red short-sleeved dress with black heels and a black purse. She

smiled at me and I smiled back. She looked pretty. Just then the door bell rang.

"That would Mr. Tizzard and his family. I'll go and set up some drinks while you answer the door," my mother said as her heels clicked their way into the kitchen.

I sighed and plastered a fake smile onto my face. I opened the door, and OH. MY. GOSH! I slammed the door shut. I ran up the stairs.

"What's wrong?" my mother shouted after me with a tray of drinks in her hands. I ignored her and ran into my room. I locked the door then fiddled through my drawers until I found my black eyeliner. I applied it heavily in my eyes and around my eyes. Then I quickly went over my eyebrows with it. I opened my hair and hesitantly, brought my fringe forward. I brushed it to one side then grabbed a chunk of my hair from the back and raised it. I took my bobby pins and pinned the raised hair so it would look like a bump. I brought a few strands off my hair from the right and left, to the front.

Then I opened my door and walked down the stairs. My mother's eyes went wide as she looked at me. Mr. Tizzard and his son were sitting in the living room with my mum. Those two must have been the only ones in the Tizzard family because I didn't remember seeing anybody else. I joined them. My mother cleared her throat.

"Well, this is my daughter, Eb-"

"Adele," I said as I shook Mr. Tizzard's hand. "I'm sorry for shutting the door like that earlier."

"It's all right. I'm Casper Tizzard and this is my son-"

"Ethan," I said.

"Yes. Do you two know each other?" Casper asked. He had brown eyes but the same blonde hair as Ethan.

"Yeah, dad. We actually go to the same school," Ethan said as he stood up.

"Well, Eb-" my mother started but stopped when I gave her the death stare. "Adele, don't you think it was so convenient that the Tizzard's moved in next door? It will be much easier for us to run the law firm."

"Yes, mum. I think it's great," I lied.

"I think it's amazing," Ethan said.

"I think it's fantastic," I said, glaring at Ethan.

"I think it's awesome," he replied.

"I think it's astonishing," I said as I placed my hands on my hips.

"I think it's astounding," Ethan said. I was surprised he knew that word.

"I think it's wonderful," I said.

"I think it's incredible," Ethan said as he moved closer to me.

"I think it's marvelous," I said as I took a step closer.

"I think it's stunning," he said as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"I think it's fascinating."

"I think it's unbelievable."

"I think it's extraordinary."

"I think it's breathtaking," he said sternly.

"I think it's miraculous."

"I think it's perfect," Ethan said then smirked at me.

"I think it's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious! Ha! Beat that!" I breathed as I pointed a finger at his chest.

"Well, I guess we don't have to worry about how our children are coping with their English classes," my mum said to lighten the mood.

"Yeah, we should get going," Casper said as he walked towards the door. I walked after him but then Ethan grabbed my hand and pulled me back, then he walked ahead of me.

"Oh, riiiiiiight. Sorry, I forgot. Ladies first," I said to him and watched him glare at me as he walked out the door.

"What is wrong with your hair, and why did you apply that eyeliner so heavily?" my mother hissed.

"Relax," I said.

"You look so different. I wasn't even sure if that was you or not."

"Mum, don't call me Ebony because tonight I want to fit in and not have the paparazzi follow me around," I said.

"Make this is a one off thing, though. I'll let it slide tonight but if I ever see you with those drawn-on eyebrows and

eyes that looks like they've been punched, again then you will be in serious trouble."

"Fine," I muttered.

I grabbed my black purse as I walked out. My mother shortly followed. She locked the door then we all got into Casper's car. He drove a BMW X3. Not bad. I was stuck in the back with Ethan while our parents were engaged into their own conversation.

"I can't believe I'll be having dinner with you," I said low enough for him to hear only.

"Don't act like this is my fault. I had no idea I was going with you," he said.

"But obviously your dad said Lynx family." I had no idea his last name was Tizzard.

"I thought he meant Lynx family as in l-i-n-k-s."

"Right," I muttered. I spared a glance at him. He was actually dressed nice. Ethan's trousers were black and his undershirt was light blue. He worn a black jacket over it. My eyes traveled to his face and saw he was looking at me. Well, not exactly AT me.

"Stop staring at my boobs," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest. He grinned but didn't stop looking. "Hello? I said stop staring at my boobs."

His eyes flashed to my face then his grin disappeared.

"Don't feel blandished. I'm a guy and I like boobs. That's why I was staring. I wasn't checking you out."

"Ew, I cannot believe you just said that. You are disgusting," I scoffed.

"I don't care what you think."

"You have such a big ego," I muttered.

"Yeah, you wanna know what else I have that's big?" he smirked.

"A nose," I replied cunningly.

"Hey, my nose is not big!" he said as he placed his hand on it.

"I thought you said you didn't care about what I think," I smirked.

"Well, you think a lot."

"Everybody thinks a lot when compared to you," I said.

Ethan gasped in a mocking way. "You wanna start with me, bitch?"

"Guess what? I already have!" I replied.

"No, wait! I started it! Remember the pin? So don't take credit for my work."

"I don't care who started it. I'm finishing it," I said.

"What are you two kids talking about back there?" my mother asked.

Ethan and I both plastered a fake smile on our face.

"We're just talking..." Ethan trailed off.

"About songs," I quickly said.

"Oh, what song?" Casper asked.

"One that wasn't made in the 18th century," I heard Ethan mumble. I tried to hold back my laughter.

"You start it, I finish it," I replied smugly and looked at Ethan. He glowered at me.

"Oh, okay. Who sings it?" my mum asked. Bless her soul.

"Oh, umm...a band," I replied.

"What's it called?" Casper asked. I looked at Ethan and he stared back at me with a clueless look in his face.

"Wait, wait! I know! You kids are probably into punk! So I'm guessing it was that band....Drop out girl?" my mum said.

"You mean Fall Out Boy?" I asked as I gave her a weird look.

"No, I don't believe it's that. It was probably the other one; the day it was green," Casper said.

"You mean Green Day?" Ethan asked and gave his dad the same look.

"Then what band?" my mother asked.

"Oh..umm...the fairy..." I started.

"Drabness..." Ethan continued.

"Association..." I said.

"For pinheads," Ethan finished and I could have sworn I saw his finger point at me when he said 'pinheads'.

"The Fairy Drabness Association for Pinheads?" My mother checked.

"Yes. I know what you're thinking," I said.

"How the hell did they come up with a name like that?" Ethan finished off my sentence and stared at me.

I shrugged then we all went quiet. Finally, we reached the restaurant. It was absolutely spectacular. They had gold lights decorating the outside and palm trees planted on the sides of the pathway. Ethan got out of the car before I did. I was surprised when I saw he opened the door for me. I stepped out and some of my dress was still in the car when Ethan shut the door. The hem of my dress was caught in the car's door. Ethan smirked and walked away then Casper pressed the button to lock his car. This was going to be some dinner.

Hey guys!

WOW!

I was like soooo surprised when I saw how many vomments I got.

It's 2am right now and I stayed up late doing this for you guys.

So show your gratitude by vommenting!

Hahaha...seriously, though.

The more votes I get the quicker I'll upload.

And don't you think Ethan was so mean by shutting the door so Adele's dress can get caught it in?

It's actually happened to me.

Yeahh...my life sucks.

xox.

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AND OMG!

Doesn't it get annoying when people use one line to write each sentence!

Sorry, I just felt like saying that but you know there are paragraphs for a reason!

Sorry again, it's past my bed time...ha! yeah, like I said, my life sucks.

World War III - Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Ethan

When she opened the door, she looked different. Not in a bad way but in a good way. I only had the chance to look at her for about half a second before she shut the door in my face. The only reason I knew it was going to be her I had to have dinner with was because we parked outside her house. It was stupid, really. She lived next door and we drove there.

The dress she wore actually made her look hot. Scratch that, made her body look hot. Definitely, not her face. I got out of the car when we reached the restaurant and decided to play a little prank on her. I walked to her side and opened the door for her. Then I shut it so her dress could get caught it in. I silently laughed as I walked to join the adults at the door.

"Mr. Tizzard! Been a long time. Please, please, come in!" the security guard said.

"Shouldn't we wait for Adele?" I asked innocently.

"Where is she?" her mother, whose name was Miranda, asked.

"I'm not sure. She seems pretty attached to the car door," I said and mentally laughed because they didn't know just how attached she really was.

"Stop mucking around! Get here, now, please!" Miranda shouted to Adele.

"I'm stuck!" she yelled.

"How are you stuck?" her mother asked, obviously confused.

"Maybe she got her dress caught in the door," I suggested.

"How on Earth would she do that?" Miranda questioned.

"She probably wasn't paying much attention when she was getting out of the car," I guessed in a knowing way.

"Casper? Could I have the keys?" Miranda asked.

"Oh, I'll help her," I offered. I grabbed the keys from my dad and walked closer to the car. I pressed the button and doors unlocked. She glowered at me with her arms crossed against her chest.

I grinned then walked to her door. I opened it.

"Coming?" I asked. She didn't reply. She just huffed and clicked her heels away. I wished I was spending my night with some hot model, instead of being stuck there with a weird, moody thing. I sighed then joined the rest. I had been to the restaurant hundreds of times. I didn't pay much attention to my surroundings. Adele, on the other hand, looked dazzled. We sat a table that was right next to a huge window. The table was a rectangular shape. It had four seats. Two on one side and another two on the other side. My dad and Miranda sat on one side so that left Adele and I. We both hesitantly, sat next to each other. A waiter came to us and gave us our menus. He came back after three minutes to take our orders. I planned on ordering my favourite dish; lobster.

"And what would like, pretty lady?" the waiter asked Adele, and winked when he thought no one was looking. Adele

giggled. I looked at the waiter and noticed he was around 18-19. He had jet black hair with green-grey eyes. I scoffed.

"Um, let's see. What do I do if what I want is not on the menu?" Adele flirted. I didn't know why, but I tensed.

"Well, why don't you tell me what you would like and I'll see if we can make some arrangements," he grinned in what was supposed to be a seductive way. I was a guy and I did not find it seductive at all. Maybe Adele did, I didn't know.

Adele grinned back and ran her tongue over her teeth. Whoa, that was hot.

"I can't exactly remember the name but I do know that it started with a 'P'," Adele replied. I looked at the waiter's name tag and saw his name was Patrick. Pfft! Ethan was a better name than Patrick.

"The letter 'P'? Hmm, what other letter was there?" Patrick raised a brow.

"I'm pretty sure there was an 'A' and an 'I'," Adele said as she bit her lower lip. I couldn't take it anymore! I meant it as in I was starving. I wasn't jealous what so ever. There was some part of me that disagreed with that.

"What are you talking about, Adele? There's pizza on the menu, can't you see?" I asked as I pointed to the word 'pizza'. She gave me the evil eye.

"No, it wasn't pizza. I remember there being a 'K'," she said as she tapped her index finger on her chin.

"Was there, by any chance a 'T'?" Patrick asked. Damn this.

"Yeah, listen, Pat! I'd like the lobster with a salad but go easy on the salad dressing. I want a Coke too, mixed with Fanta. I want it to be warm with two ice cubes in it. Oh, and, I want one of those bendy straws. Blue, to be exact. For dessert, I'd like to have 3 scoops of vanilla ice cream with a cherry on top, and make sure it's in a bowl. Actually, forget about the cherry. Instead, I want the ice cream to be chocolate coated and don't add Fanta to my Coke. I hope you got all that down because I sure as hell am not repeating myself," I said as I crossed my arms over my chest and leaned back in my seat.

"Yep, I got it," he replied without taking his eyes off Adele. What was so special about her? I was twice as good looking!

"Then repeat it to me," I said.

"You want tonight's special," he said.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"You want tonight's special. Lobster with lightly dressed salad and a glass of Coke. For dessert, chocolate coated vanilla ice cream in a bowl," he replied as he finally looked at me. About time I got some attention, but then the spotlight was on Adele again as she cracked up laughing.

"Ha! You forgot something!" I pointed out, ignoring Adele's sweet laughter. No, not sweet. It was more like irritating laughter.

"With a blue bendy straw," he added.

"Yeah, and I want it pronto!" I said.

"Sure. Have you made up your mind, Adele?" he asked.

"I'll have tonight's special, as well. Just minus the bendy straw," she replied as she smiled.

"Not a problem," he said while winking and leaving.

"I should complain about him to the manager. Pfft! Taking forever to take people's orders," I mumbled angrily.

Adele just smirked at me. Stupid bitch. After a couple of minutes, Patrick came with our food. He placed it all on the table. He placed my drink next to me. I grabbed the straw while he was looking, and chucked it away.

"Do I look like a baby? I don't need no straw," I told him.

He just shrugged. "Suit yourself, sir."

"It's MISTER sir to you," I said.

He just ignored me and gave Adele her food. He whispered something in her ear then walked away. She blushed. We all ate our food in silence. Well, Adele and I did. Our parents were too busy to notice anything. They were engaged in their own conversation. We finished our food when Miranda spoke.

"So Ethan, how is my daughter doing in school?" Miranda asked. Payback time, bitch, I thought.

"Well, in Maths, she's struggling. We were doing Pythagoras's Theorem and the teacher asked Adele to draw a triangle on the board. So, Adele drew the shape, except it wasn't a triangle. It was a pentagon," I lied and looked at Adele. Her eyes went wide.

"Oh, that's...unusual," Miranda said.

"How about Ethan? How is he doing in class?" my dad asked. Adele smirked.

"Biology seems to his worst subject. He's always late to class. Once we had to dissect a bull's eye, and it was an easy task for everybody. Ethan, however, just stabbed the scalpel into the eye and squirted all the dirty, gross juice on his face. It was horrible, I tell you. It went up his nose and I'm pretty sure he got a taste of it as well," she said. "And do you know what he said after he swallowed it? He said it needed more salt."

I could not believe my ears. I never swallowed anything and I was 100% sure I did not say it needed more salt.

"Oh, well, that's....disgusting," Miranda muttered. Miranda had blonde hair and green eyes. Adele probably looked her like her father.

"Are you two pretty good friends at school?" my father asked.

"Of course. Why wouldn't we be?" I asked and glanced at Adele. She went along with it.

"We nearly have each class together. I've never trusted anyone more than I trust Ethan," she lied.

"Yeah, in the short time we've spent together, we've learned to come to terms with each other. I guess you could say we enjoy each other's company," I lied.

"I know. Ethan, you just make me happy. You're a good friend," she said as she placed her hand onto mine on the table. She pinched me. Crazy, psycho.

"I'm really glad I met you," I fibbed as I put my hand on her thigh and pinched her too. She jumped a little. She smiled it off and took a sip of her Coke.

"Naww, that's so sweet. Have you two considered dating?" Miranda asked.

Adele choked on her drink and spit it out at me. I had a feeling she purposely did that. She stood up and coughed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized to me. I felt smug as I saw she got herself wet, too.

"No worries," I said, completely meaning the opposite.

"You two should go to the restrooms and clean up," Miranda suggested.

"Yeah, we should," I said as I grabbed Adele's hand and pulled her towards the toilets.

I shoved her into the Females' bathroom. Luckily, it was empty. I forced her into a cubicle then locked the door. I grabbed her and pushed her against the cubicle door.

"I hate you," I said through gritted teeth.

"And you think I love you?" she asked, sarcastically. I pressed myself harder against her. She gasped, probably from the pain.

"Why do you always push me against something?" she asked, angrily. I smirked then moved back. She fell onto the floor. She got up and pushed me back. Damn, that girl could be strong when she wanted to. I fell onto the toilet. Great, I was sitting on the seat and it looked like I was taking a dump. I got up and put my hands on her shoulders. I tried to

push her backwards but she turned and she ended up on the toilet seat. I thought I might as well flush the toilet and make her sexy dress even more ruined. I lifted my foot up and aimed at the wall with the flush button. Just as I was about to hit it, Adele moved and pushed me forward. My foot slipped and it went into the toilet. My foot was stuck in the toilet.

"Crap!" I said. Adele cracked up.

"What's so funny?" I asked, annoyed.

"You said crap, and like...your foot is in the toilet," she said as she laughed harder. Then she turned around and unlocked the door. Without a last glance, she walked out of the cubicle. Great, my foot was stuck in the toilet and what was worse was that I was in the females' bathroom.

Ebony

I had never felt so good. Ethan's foot was stuck in the toilet. I joined the rest at the table.

"Where's Ethan?" Casper asked.

"How would I know? Doubt he's in the ladies' room. I was just there," I said.

"Probably taking his time," Casper said.

"Yeah, he's probably caught in a sticky situation, or should I say, wet situation," I muttered to myself.

"He'll be here soon. We still have to eat dessert," my mother said.

Just then Ethan came marching up to the table. His right leg was wet up to his knee, and he had toilet paper stuck on his right shoe. I felt sorry for his trouser and his shoe. I stifled a laugh. Casper's eyes went wide as he saw his son.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

"Yeah, did you get your foot stuck in the toilet or something?" I asked innocently as I looked at him. He didn't reply. His nostrils flared at me. Without taking his glare off me, he took his seat which was on my right. Casper and my mother were still waiting for a reply.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" my mum joked.

"More like, toilet seat got your shoe lace?" I mumbled to myself and repressed laughter.

"Some idiot thought it would be funny if they sprayed me with water," Ethan said.

After that we all ate our dessert in silence. The silence was broken when my mother's phone rang.

"Hello?" she answered. "Yes, yes. He's with me. Tonight? Are you sure?" There was a pause. "What about tomorrow morning? No problem. I'll tell him. Thanks, bye." She hung up and looked at Casper.

"That was Jim. There's a problem at the site and he said we have to be there ASAP," she said.

"What's wrong?" Casper asked.

"Wouldn't tell me. He said we have to be there now," my mother said.

"What about the kids?" Casper asked.

"Ethan can come over my house and stay with my daughter," my mum said.

"Good. I don't want him to be home alone," Casper said and gave my mum a look that only parents could understand.

"Right, 'coz Ethan being alone is more dangerous than him being with me," I mumbled.

"It's settled. Ethan you will go with Adele and if we take long, you can stay there overnight," Casper said. I thought my eyes would pop out of their sockets.

"I'll be fine home alone, Dad," Ethan said.

"Last time you were home alone for more than an hour, you ended up having a party and trashing the place," Casper said. Ethan grinned.

"We better get going, now," my mother said as she stood up. The grown ups took care of the bill as Ethan and I walked out.

At the door we were greeted by Patrick.

"Hey, leaving?" Patrick asked. I remembered flirting with him. Ethan seemed so pissed off. Patrick was good looking but I didn't feel extremely attracted to him.

"Yeah, I am. Might come back some other time," I said.

"Can't wait till then," he said then pecked me on my cheek before walking away.

I sighed as the cold air sent shivers up my spine. I was cold, but I didn't mind. I loved cold weather.

"You cold?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah," I replied. He took his jacket off and swung it over his shoulder.

"Hope you freeze to death," he said as he quickened his pace and walked to the car. He still had toilet paper stuck on his shoe. I laughed. I joined him and opened the door.

"I'll help you in," he said as he grabbed the back of my neck and pushed me in the car, hitting my head on the car ceiling.

"Idiot," I muttered.

Within minutes, we were at my house. We both got out of the car and walked to the front door. We stood there and put fake smiles on our face. We waved goodbye to our parents. Once they zoomed away we both glared at each other. I unlocked the door and Ethan tried to push his way in.

"I'm going in first," I said as I tried to walk in at the same time.

"No, I am!"

"It's my house. I get to go in first!"

"I'm the guest. Show some hospitality," Ethan said as he gripped my arms.

"I'll show you some hostility instead."

Ethan sighed then wrapped his arms around my waist. His touch made me shiver. It felt good. He lifted me up then turned his back to the open door. With his back to the

house, he walked in. Once he was in the house, he set me down.

"I got in here first." He poked his tongue at me. He went to the living room and turned the T.V on to some sports channel.

"I'm going to have one hell of a time," I mumbled as I kicked my shoes off.

I wanted to watch Glee so I walked up to him. He stared up at me.

"What?" he said, bored.

"I wanna watch Glee," I said.

"Yeah, and I want you dead but life's not fair."

"Give me the remote," I said.

"No."

"It's my house," I reminded him. He stood up and stared at me intently.

"I've been dying to do something," he said.

"Then please don't do it so you can die."

He didn't reply. He just moved his face closer to mine until we were only inches apart. I felt one of his hands on my cheek. The right one was on my back. His breath smelled fresh and minty. Then I felt his right hand go lower until it reached my butt. He squeezed it and my mouth went wide.

"What the hell?" I yelled.

He shrugged and sat back down on the couch. "Just wanted to see if it felt as fat as it looked."

"You are very disrespectful," I said in a low voice, thinking about how Zaiden would never do that. "By the way, you've got toilet paper stuck on your shoe."

I went up the white-carpeted stairs. I walked into my room and switched on the lights. I was halfway through unzipping my dress when the lights in my room turned off. I stood frozen. Then I heard the door clicking shut and being locked.

OOOOHHHHH! CLIFFHANGER....I hope. haha

Sorry, I know this one wasn't as amusing or funny as the rest, but at least you got something.

The last chapter got like 91 votes and my heart just stopped beating for a second.

So this chapter was for all the nice people who vommented last time.

Thanks!

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 11

I uploaded this faster for all of you, so please make sure you read the note at the end. I need your help.

Chapter 11

Ebony

My eyes went wide and my heart was pounding heavily against my chest. I found it difficult to breathe. I zipped up my dress and pressed my back against the wall. It was pitch black and I couldn't see anything. My eyes darted around my room with the hopes of capturing some sort of movement, but I got nothing. I heard someone's heavy breathing. I held my own breath and slowly, sidestepped to the left towards my dresser. Carefully, I let my hand travel the table until I found something I could use as a weapon. The only thing I discovered was my pink nail polish. Shrugging, I grabbed it, and twisted it open. I held out the brush and waved it on front of me, praying I would slash the intruder with pink nail polish.

Then I heard a large grunting noise and before I knew it, I was pushed onto the floor. I was lying on my stomach with someone heavy on my back. The person grabbed my wrists and brought them to my back. My loud, piercing scream was probably heard by the whole neighbourhood. The person used one of his hands to hold my hands back, and his other hand to cover my mouth. I felt the tears running down my cheeks, and that was when I remembered the nail polish. I still had the brush in my hand. I used the little movement I had left in my fingers to brush the stick along the trespasser's wrist. He laughed.

"Hey! Stop that! It tickles," the person said. The tears stopped trailing down my face, and my fright was replaced with my anger.

"You cow! Get off me!" I yelled as I wriggled my legs around. How could I have not seen it earlier?

"Relax. I just wanted to have some fun with ya," Ethan said as he got off me and turned the lights on. I quickly wiped my tears away and stood up. I took a look at Ethan's wrist. It was covered with red nail polish. I thought it was pink. Ethan looked at my face and smirked.

"Did I make the little goth baby cry?" he teased.

"No," I denied.

"Your eyeliner's smudged," he said, smugly.

"It's not my eyeliner. Your eye sight has just faltered," I said. He studied me hard then walked up to the mirror. He looked at himself and smiled in a satisfied way.

"Nope. I'm still as gorgeous as ever," he concluded.

"If by gorgeous, you mean hideously scary, then yes."

Ethan rolled his eyes and turned to look at me. "Let's have a party."

"What? Are you crazy?" I asked then as an after thought added, "wait, of course you are."

"I'm so bored. I wanna chuck a party," he whined.

"Well, then chuck a party at your own place."

"You suck," he said as he walked out of my room.

I sighed and rubbed a hand across my forehead. I changed into my usual silk, pink boxers and pink tank top. I washed my face then reapplied the eyeliner all around my eyes. I hopped down the stairs and joined Ethan in the living room. He was only wearing black boxers with a white singlet. He had his shoes off but his white socks were still on. I shrugged and took the seat farthest away from him. He looked at me and smirked. Did that boy ever stop smirking?

"The boys are coming in about 30 minutes," he said.

"Hmm? What boys? What did you do this time?" I asked frantically.

"I was just kidding."

"Why do you just kid around all the time?"

"I like seeing you have a panic attack. You go all crazy," he replied.

"I wasn't having a panic attack."

"Anyways, jokes aside. I called a couple of guys from school and they agreed to come over," Ethan said.

"What?" I nearly shouted.

"I called everyone I know to tell them to come over," he said.

"Why?" I asked angrily.

"So we can have a little bit of fun! Duh!"

"No way! This is not happening! Never ever in a million years will I let you have a party in my house!"

"C'mon!"

"Nuh-uh! So you can call your friends and tell them to not come 'coz there is no way on Earth I am going to have a party right here, right now! I'd rather chew my arm off because there. Will. Be. No. Party!"

ONE HOUR LATER

"Awesome party!" some random guy said to me as he swung his arm around my shoulders.

"Whatever," I said as I pushed him away. Ethan had gone to his house and changed into a pair of jeans with a blue t shirt. I wore normal blue jeans with a black top. I wasn't even in the mood for partying. Besides, my parties always consisted of slow dancing, fancy meals, pretty dresses and of course, awesome male models.

"Hey! Put that down!" I told some boy who was chucking around one of my mum's vases. I looked around my living room. The white leather couches were occupied with teenagers making out, and in the centre of the room, there were couples grinding against each other. I scoffed out of annoyance and walked around, making sure nobody was breaking anything. Just as I walked into the kitchen, I saw two familiar faces. I smiled and ran up to them. I gave Lizzie a huge hug before moving onto to Zaiden. After I hugged Zaiden, we both blushed a bit.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey," Lizzie replied, and Zaiden smiled.

"So how are-"

"Don't touch that!" I yelled, and interrupted Zaiden from saying whatever he wanted to say.

"Having fun?" Lizzie asked.

"You bet," I sighed.

"Where's Ethan?" Zaiden asked.

"I don't know. I need to find him. I'll catch up with you guys later," I said as I walked through the crowd.

I made it into the kitchen alive and nearly puked my guts out when I saw Ethan making out with some random chick. I rolled my eyes and walked up to him. I pulled the girl's short blonde hair and it came off. I looked at the girl and she turned around. Oh my goodness! It was a guy.

"My hair!" the boy screamed. I looked at Ethan and his face was priceless.

"Right, sorry," I apologized, and handed back his wig. He stomped his right foot on the ground then walked away.

"Please, tell me I just made out with a bald chick," Ethan said, terrified.

"You just made out with a bald chick."

"Oh, thank god."

"Who just so happened to be a man," I said

Ethan's face went wide and he rushed to the bathroom. I waited for about 10 minutes before he came out. His hair was wet and I could tell her had been puking.

"Well, I hope you've learned your lesson," I said.

"Yeah, always tug on a girl's hair to make sure it's a girl before kissing them, and make sure their boobs are real," he said.

"I was actually looking for an answer along the lines of; don't make out with just anybody at a party, especially when you're not drunk."

"That's lame," he said.

"Look, if anything gets broken then I will hold you responsible. This is your party and it needs to end soon! Our parents will be home in a short while."

"Relax," he said as his eyes set on some other brunette chick. He walked up to her and pulled her hair before kissing her.

I rolled my eyes, and searched for Lizzie and Zaiden. I found them sitting on the couch.

"Hey," I said, exhausted.

"Where have you been?" Zaiden asked. Zaiden, I needed a nickname for him.

"I'm gonna call you Zaid, all right?"

"Okay," Zaid agreed.

"I was just reminding that pig, Ethan, about how he is liable for everything."

"You really hate him?" Lizzie asked.

"Yes, so much that I can't even find words to describe it," I replied.

"You two are like meant to be together," she said over the loud music that was blaring through the speakers.

"Eew! We hate each other, no way!"

"That's how all long lasting relationships start. First, they hate each other then they come to realize that they can't live without each other," Lizzie said.

"Yeah, like that's ever gonna happen to us," I muttered.

Zaid was awfully quite throughout the conversation.

"It will. It has to. I'll make it happen," Lizzie insisted.

"I heard he only dates super models or at least super model worthy girls," Zaid said.

"Well, too bad for him 'coz there are no female models at our school," Lizzie muttered.

"Hey, guys! C'mon! They're playing seven minutes in heaven!" some dude said to us.

"Oh, my gosh! Let's go!" Lizzie said and grabbed my arm.

"I think I'm gonna pass," I said.

"Same," Zaid agreed.

"Don't be like that! Please? For me?"

Zaid and I looked at each other.

"Please! Please! Pretty please!" Lizzie begged.

"Fine," Zaid said.

"Zaiden's playing! You have to, too!" Lizzie told me.

"Fine!"

We all walked into the rumpus room. There were around 9 people there. I saw Ethan sitting in the circle. He smirked at me as I walked in.

"Hell no! I changed my mind. I do not want to play," I said as I started to walk out.

"Why not?" Lizzie asked.

"Ethan is playing."

"So?"

"Don't you watch teen movies or read teen books?"

"Yeah, sometimes," Lizzie replied.

"Then you should know."

"Know what?"

"In those teen books, when two people hate each other, they end up making out in a game like this then BAM! They instantly fall in love!"

"This is real life. It doesn't work that way."

"What if I get paired with Ethan! No way! I am not kissing that waste of space! Do you know that he kissed a man earlier tonight 'coz he thought he was a girl?"

"You're playing whether you like it or not," Lizzie said as she grabbed my arm and made me sit next to her.

There was a total of 12 people-6 girls and 6 boys. We all wrote our names on a piece of paper. The girls put their name in a separate bowl than the boys.

"Janet," the host said as he opened one of the papers. Janet walked to the blue bowl and picked out a name. Her face brightened when she said Daniel. After 7 minutes, they both came out as two happy people. They were even holding hands. Janet walked up to the pink bowl and chose a piece of paper. She looked at Lizzie.

"Adele," she said. What the hell? Maybe she was cross-eyed. Or maybe she did that to confuse us. I sighed and walked up to the blue bowl. Ethan was still smirking like an idiot.

I pulled out the paper. I took a look at all the guys in the group. They were each pretty good looking, except for Ethan. His face just killed the group. I unfolded the piece of paper. I looked at the name. This couldn't be happening! I folded the paper and unfolded it again. It was still the same name. I checked the back of the paper. I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. My eyes met his, and he smirked knowingly.

Guys, I need your help.

I'm getting a new laptop but I don't know what to get.

I'm thinking about the Toshiba Satellite Pro L500.

Does anyone have that laptop? Is it any good?

Plus, do you guys know any good ones I might like?

I want it to have an integrated webcam. haha

BTW, if you've asked me to read your story, don't worry I definitely will when I get the time.

I've just been pretty busy with sleeping in, typing stories and working out (I'm a health freak..haha)

Anyways,

going for a jog now.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 12

This one is dedicated to one of my besties, Yaz.

It's her b'day tomorrow (23rd December) so HAPPY 15th BIRTHDAY, BRACE FACE! haha jks jks

Chapter 11

Ebony

I looked at Ethan as he tried to hide his cocky grin. He licked his lips and stood up. He looked as smug as a pug in a private jet. He started to walk towards me. I looked at the paper and read the name.

"Zaiden."

I looked at Ethan and it was my turn to smirk. His eyes went wide for a second then he quickly walked back to his spot. He sat down and his cheeks had gone a bit red. All the smugness from before was gone and he was plain embarrassed. Served him right.

Zaiden stood up and walked towards me. Lizzie looked a bit hurt. I smiled at Zaid. He smiled back, sheepishly. Ethan's nostrils flared and he looked…jealous? Nah, couldn't be.

"Seven minutes, guys," the host whose name was something like David, announced.

I took a deep breath and walked in the dark closet. Zaiden followed and I heard him shut the door. I took a couple of steps rearwards until my back was pressed against the wall. I felt Zaid's heavy breathing against my face. He smelt

good. I really wanted to kiss him, but I didn't want to make things awkward between us. Reluctantly, I spoke.

"Look, Zaid, I'll understand if you won't kiss me 'coz it might-"

"What makes you think I don't want to kiss you?" he asked, cutting me off.

"You're my friend and you might not want things to get awkward betw-"

I never got to finish what I was going to say because Zaiden's mouth claimed mine. Oh, well. If you can't beat them, join them.

My arms snaked around his neck and his hands traveled down my body until it reached my waist. With one swift motion, he glided his tongue into my mouth. Our tongues moved in harmony. He pressed his body harder onto mine. Slowly, I slid down onto the ground with Zaiden on top of me. He left my lips and went down to my neck. He slightly nibbled the skin then went to my jawline. He left a long trail of kisses before licking my lips then kissing me again. Zaid was a good kisser but at the back of my mind, I couldn't help but wonder what would have happened if I had chosen Ethan. We probably would have been kicking and punching each other. It would have been seven minutes in hell. Zaiden's hand slid up my thigh, making a small moan escape my lips. He smiled against my lips and kissed me harder. I could feel his enjoyment. I loved it. I loved every bit of his body being against mine.

There was a knock on the other side of the door. It didn't even feel like seven minutes, but it did feel like heaven. Zaiden groaned and reluctantly, got off me. I patted my hair and stood up. Just then, the door opened and everybody's

eyes were on us. Lizzie looked hurt, yet she had a smile on her face. Ethan's expression was unreadable. I didn't realize I was holding Zaiden's hand until I saw Ethan glaring at our hands. Was I even staring at him? I had no idea what was happening to me. Must have been the lobster I ate at the restaurant. I let go of Zaiden's hand and sat next to Lizzie. I looked up and saw Zaiden smiling at me. I felt the heat rushing to my cheeks. I bit my lower lip and looked down.

Ethan got up and marched out of the room. He went down the stairs and stopped the music. People started complaining. I dashed out of the room and went downstairs. That was when I saw Ashley. Who even invited her? She glared at me and I did what I do best. I gave her the finger. She rolled her eyes and walked up to me.

"Ethan might have broken up with me, but that does not mean he isn't mine. So keep your distance!" she warned.

"Why the hell would you even say something like that? There is nothing going on between us, you obsessed freak!" I defended myself.

"I'm just giving you a heads up 'coz if you even try one lame move on him, then you'll be a goner."

"What are you even doing here?" I asked, realizing this was my house.

"I was invited."

"Just because you invited yourself doesn't mean you're actually invited."

"I could ask you the same thing."

"This is my house, freaktard," I informed.

She just stared at me then stomped her foot and walked away.

"PARTY'S OVER! GET OUT!" Ethan shouted. The little scene with Ashley nearly made me forget about Ethan. People started whining.

"I'm serious! Get out unless you want me to kick your ass at school!" Ethan shouted. The guests groaned but eventually, made their way out. After 15 minutes, the house was empty except for Ethan and I. He dropped himself on the couch.

"What was that for?" I asked.

"What was what for?" he questioned, bored.

"Why did you end the party like that?" I asked.

"You didn't even want it in the first place, and wasn't it you who said our parents would be home soon?"

Parents? Crap! We needed to clean this place up.

"Ethan, get up! We need to clean this place up before the Old Ones get home!" I shouted as I hastily, started to pick up cans of soda.

"Correction. You need to clean this place up. It's your house."

"But it was your party!"

"Before the party, you were going on about how this is your house so you should get the remote and you should walk in first. Now, it's your house so clean it up," he said.

"But you-"

"Look, why don't we call the maid service?" he asked.

"Doubt they're available at 10 in the night," I replied.

"Haven't you heard of 24/7 service?" he asked with his heavy yet irresistible British accent.

"They have that?" I asked.

"Yeah, and you know what? To be nice, I'll let you pay," insisted Ethan.

"Oh, you're too kind."

"It's in my nature to help the less fortunate," he said.

"Well, sire, how shall I ever repay you back?" I asked, feigning my own British accent. He looked at me with an amused expression.

"Well, young peasant, my feet could use a massage," he said whilst kicking his shoes off and revealing his clean, white socks.

"I bet they could use a wash, too," I said innocently, still using the fake accent.

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!" he laughed the same way those stuck up, fat, dead kings with big tummies did. I couldn't help but laugh. He looked at me again and raised his brows in a questioning manner. I stopped laughing and prayed he didn't notice me laughing.

He chuckled then grabbed the small, square-shaped pillow. He shoved it underneath his shirt so it seemed like he had a huge stomach. He placed one hand on his tummy and scratched his invisible beard.

"Woman! Bring the bucket and scrub my feet or your life shall pay the forfeit of the cleanliness!"

His facial expression made me laugh. Then I realized something.

"You read Shakespeare?" I asked.

"Why would you ask that?"

"You said 'your life shall pay the forfeit of the cleanliness'. In Romeo and Juliet, the Prince says 'your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace'," I replied. He blushed a bit and looked down.

"It was just once. We had to for English class. It's not like I-"

"I didn't say there was something wrong with it," I pointed out, cutting him off. I was pretty amazed. I never thought he might read something and remember it, let alone Shakespeare. Heck, I didn't even think he could read!

"Did you like it?" I asked, referring to Romeo and Juliet. He pulled the pillow out of his shirt and stared at me.

"I thought it was stupid," he said. Yep, typical male reaction.

"I can't believe yo-"

"I thought it was stupid that they didn't tell their parents about their love. They should have told their parents and it would have saved much heartache. 'A pair of star cross'd lovers take their life...The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, and the continuance of their parents' rage, which, but their children's end, nought could remove.'"

Wow, did he just say that? I knew Romeo and Juliet like the back of my hand and he quoted it correctly. That could only have meant one thing.

"Are you drunk?" I asked.

"No. I don't drink," he said. He didn't drink? He could make me laugh, he could quote Shakespeare and he didn't drink. Why did he seem like the man of my dreams all of a sudden?

"Plus, Shakespeare's writing isn't only meant for girls. I thought it was sweet that Juliet found Romeo dead so she killed herself because she knew she couldn't live without him. That's what true love is," he continued.

"And their death brought the peace between the Capulet's and the Montague's," I said as I sat down on the couch, next to him.

"It was fate. Romeo didn't receive that letter because he was supposed to think Juliet was dead. It was fate that made them commit suicide," said Ethan.

"'Whole misadventured piteous overthrows, do with their death bury their parent's strife'," both, Ethan and I, said at the very same time.

"Taking your life for the one you love; that is true love. True love isn't all this modern crap about how two people truly love each other like it's forever and live the rest of their life, but not together," he said softly as he stared at me.

"I love you, is eight letters. So is bullshit," I said.

"Pardon?"

"I heard it somewhere before."

"Love is a strong emotion, and a meaningful word that is commonly misused," Ethan mentioned.

"I know. It's like a girl thinks she has found her Romeo, but then after a while, she realizes he's just like the rest."

"And a boy thinks he's found her Juliet, but then after a while, he realizes she's just a two-timing skank," Ethan said.

"I'm still looking for my Romeo," I sighed. Oh, my gosh! Did I just say that? Great, he was probably going to tease me like there was no tomorrow.

"Surprisingly, I'm still looking for my Juliet," he said as his eyes stared deeply into mine. "But I swear if you tell any of the guys about what we talked about tonight, I will kill you. I don't care if you're meant to be a girl!"

"Meant to be a girl? I AM a girl, thank you very much!" I said, offended.

"Doesn't matter what you are. I've got a reputation to protect!"

"Really? And what reputation would that be?" I asked.

"One that is beyond your reach."

"Oh, just shut up and call the cleaning service or whatever it's called. This place needs to be tidied up before our parents come back," I said as I stood up. Jeez, and I actually thought he was a sweet, romantic guy. It wasn't everyday a boy would talk about Romeo and Juliet the way he did.

I stomped into my room and slammed the door shut. I was pretty overwhelmed. He quoted Shakespeare thrice and he actually talked about it and he knew what true love was. I thought we could get over this hate relationship, but he just had to bring the asshole back. Half an hour passed when I went back down the stairs. The house was sparkling clean. Half an hour? That was hella fast! Ethan was lying on the couch and flicking through channels.

"I'm guessing you paid the workers," I said casually as I sat on the couch.

"No, I gave them your mother's credit card number," he replied.

"WHAT?" I shouted loud enough to burst his ear drums.

"Chill. I was kidding," he said. "I paid them myself."

"Oh, well, thank you. I can pay you back," I offered.

"If I wanted you to pay me back then I just would have made you pay in the first place, loser."

"I am financially independent. I'll pay you back."

"No,"

"Yes."

"No," insisted Ethan.

"Yes.

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I wasn't brought up like that. My mum always taught me to be a gentleman," he said.

"Well, she sure did one hell of a job," I muttered and was glad he didn't hear me. "But I am capable of paying. So I will."

"Look, Adele, you can go assert your independence somewhere else. I paid, and that's final! I don't need you to pay me back!" he yelled.

We heard a knock on the door. I checked to see who it was.

"Old Ones are back," I whispered to Ethan. We put those fake smiles on our face. I opened the door.

"Muuuuuum!" I rejoiced.

"Daaaaaaaad!" Ethan said in a similar tone.

"Uh, dauuuuuughter!" my mum said awkwardly.

"Sooooooon!" Casper said as well.

"Coooooooome in," I said as I moved and let them in.

"Well, me and Ethan have to go. I see you changed your clothes," Casper said.

"Yeah, just went home and quickly changed into something more comfortable," Ethan said.

"Miranda, Adele, thank you for your time. We shall be heading home now," Casper announced.

"Good night," my mum said.

"Good night," they replied and walked away.

"See ya," I said when the door shut...and they couldn't hear me.

"I'm heading off to bed. You should do the same," my mother told me.

"Okay."

My mum went up the stairs and into her room. I sighed and locked the front door. I was just about to go up the stairs when I heard my mum scream.

"Mum? What's wrong?" I asked as I sprinted up the stairs in record time.

I ran into her room and saw two half-naked people lying on her bed. Guess we didn't make sure everybody from the party was gone.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Ebony

I looked at my mother and to say she was furious would have been an understatement. I heard footsteps and in a second, Ethan and Casper were in the room.

"We heard you scream and we were wondering..." Casper's voice trailed off as he saw the two people on the bed. I glared at Ethan. It was all his fault!

"Guys, care to explain?" my mother asked as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"I have no idea who they are," I said, which was true because I really didn't know who they were. The girl stirred in bed.

"Me, neither," said Ethan, probably lying.

"Then what are they doing in my bed?" my mum asked.

"Maybe they're burglars! Quick, let's dial triple zero!" I shouted.

"Triple zero? I think you mean 911," Ethan said.

"Oh, right," I said, remembering I was in America.

The girl yawned and she sat up.

"Oh, is the party already over?" she asked. Damn her!

"Party?" Casper furiously asked as he stared at Ethan.

"Umm...I..we...I don't know what you're talking about, stranger! Get out of my neighbour's house before I call the police!" Ethan warned. I played along.

"Yeah, who do you think you are! You can't just sleep at random people's houses!" I shouted.

"Ethan, it's me, Indigo. We went out for like what? Three months?" the girl said.

"Umm...she must be drunk," Ethan said.

"I am not dru-"

"It's called a hangover. You were drunk," I interrupted. That was when the boy also, sat up. He yawned loudly and looked around.

"Oh, hey, Adele. Hey, Ethan. Awesome party you had when your parents weren't home! You should do it more often," he said. Casper and my mum both stared daggers at us. Wow, if looks could kill, I would have been 7 feet underground.

"It was a study party?" I said, unconvincingly.

"You two guys should get dressed and go home," Casper said to the two people.

They nodded then got dressed. After they left, our parents just stared at us with angry faces.

"Hey, look at the bright side. I mean, at least they weren't completely naked," Ethan said. Pfft! This was Ethan's idea. I didn't want to take the blame.

"Mum, I swear, it was all Ethan! I had nothing to do with this. He used his strength over me to call everybody and let them know about it. I was like all 'noooo' but he was like all 'yeeees', and if I were alone I would have never done something like that!" I said in a rush.

"Gee, thanks for having my back," Ethan said sarcastically.

"Anytime," I replied.

"No internet, no TV, no phone for a month," my mum said.

"Same goes for you, Ethan," Casper said.

"What if it's for school work?" Ethan asked.

"Then obviously, I will allow you to use the internet under supervision," he replied.

"Get to bed. You've got extra chores to do tomorrow," my mother said.

I grumbled but nodded. Our parents left the room. Ethan and I followed.

"You still got the cleaning service's number?" I whispered to Ethan.

"Left the card on top of the fridge," he whispered back. Good, I would be needing it.

"By the way, I still hate you," I said to Ethan.

"I hate you, too," he smirked.

"Why do you always smirk?" I asked.

"'Coz I know what's going to happen," he said.

"What's going to happen?" I questioned.

"Someday, you're going to give in to me. You'll realize you don't hate me. I'm too hot for you to not like me."

"Looks don't play a huge part for me," I said.

"Sure they don't. And I can't wait till you realize the truth and finally, give in."

"You'll probably give in to me," I said as we reached the door.

"Why would I give in to you? You're always hideously dressed and your hair covers half your face and your eyes looked like they've been permanently bruised."

"Once you find out the truth about me, you'll realize what a fool you've been," I said then closed the door in his face. I loved the feeling of smugness.

Ethan

What did she mean 'the truth about her'? The way I saw it, she was freak. She was probably an outer space freak. What were they called? Oh, yeah! Aliens. I walked into my house and went up to my room. I took out an old copy of a fitness magazine. Ebony Lynx was on the cover. She was really beautiful. Her black, smooth hair framed her face perfectly, and her eyes were so stunning. I stared at them. I had seen those same eyes before. The blue eyes outlined with grey. They looked so familiar. Where had I seen them before? I thought hard and the only person I could think of was Adele. She had the exact same eyes. Then her words hit me.

"Once you find out the truth about me, you'll realize what a fool you've been," she had said to me earlier. I froze with

disbelief.

Don't forget to vote and comment :)

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 14

Chapter 14

Ethan

I couldn't believe it. Was it possible that...? I added all the evidence together. Adele had the exact same eyes as Ebony, and she had a 'secret' that would make me feel like a fool. I thought hard about it, then it just came to me.

"Adele wears contacts so she can have the same eyes as Ebony Lynx!"

I was a genius! I figured out her big secret. She was right; I felt like a fool. I had thought those eyes were beautiful, and now, I knew they were fake. Adele wore blue contacts. She obviously, wanted to look like Ebony Lynx. She was such a try hard.

I walked to my window and pulled my curtain up. I saw Adele in her bedroom and she saw me. I smirked at her and grabbed a piece of paper.

'I KNOW YOUR BIG SECRET!'

I wrote that then held the paper onto the window for her to see. She looked taken aback then replied on her own piece of paper.

'OH YEAH? WHAT IS IT?'

I smirked even harder then replied.

'YOU ARE....AN EBONY LYNX WANNABE!'

She cracked up laughing. What was so funny?

'WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?'

I was running out of paper.

'YOU WEAR BLUE CONTACTS THAT ARE JUST LIKE EBONY'S EYES'

She seemed quiet amused. She wrote back.

'OH, NO! PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE. I BEG YOU!'

I laughed hysterically.

'I'LL THINK ABOUT IT'

I waited for her response which was;

'WHATEVER. WE'RE WASTING TREES...GOODNIGHT! Btw...you have messy writing'

Oh, ha, ha. She was so funny *note the sarcasm*. I rolled my eyes and watched her close her curtains. I smiled to myself. I recalled our earlier conversation about Romeo and Juliet. I had never talked to another girl like that. I actually, spoke from my heart, and when we were laughing, it just felt so right. I was a bit pissed when Zaiden kissed her. It wasn't because he kissed her, hell no! It was because she made me think I was the who was going to kiss her. Yeah, that was it. What the hell? Why was I even thinking about all this? Adele; she was all that seemed to occupy my mind. Was it possible that I was falling for Adele Lynx; the Ebony Lynx wannabe? Adele Lynx; the alien? Adele Lynx; the weirded-named one? Nah! I liked my girls human.

Ebony

He thought I was an Ebony Lynx wannabe and that I wore contacts. Little did he know that I actually was Ebony Lynx. I sighed. I replayed our earlier conversation about Romeo and Juliet. I realized that Ethan had a good side. He was only an asshole about 99.9% of the time. I wished I saw the sweet side of him more often. My thoughts came to a stop when I heard my mum's voice from downstairs.

"No! Get out!" she shouted. "I swear to God, I will call the police!"

I rushed out of my room and jogged down the stairs just in time to see my mother push a man out the door. She slammed it shut and locked the door. She was worried. She ran up to me and I almost heard her heart beating.

"Pack your bags, sweetie! We're going to London," she said.

"What? Already?" I asked. The photo shoot wasn't until Wednesday and it was only Friday night. Well, Saturday morning because it was past midnight.

"We'll leave tomorrow morning. Listen to me, just pack your bags and I'll have John pick you up at seven in the morning. I'll meet you in London. I might be a little late but stick with John and everything will be all right. He'll take you to the hotel and don't wander off alone at any cost," she said to me. It was my turn to worry.

"Mum? What's wrong? Why are we leaving earlier than planned?" I asked.

"Look, I gotta go and I've called Liam and Sam. They'll be here in a couple of minutes. Go wash your face and get rid of that pathetic eyeliner. Then pack your bags and get some rest. Make sure you're ready by seven because John will be

waiting. Make sure your windows are locked too," my mum said.

Sam and Liam? They were my bodyguards. My mother agreed to giving me a break from them after there wasn't much of a safety risk. Why were they coming back all of a sudden?

"Tell me! What's happening? Mum!" I felt the tears building up. My mother ignored me and went up the stairs. A couple of minutes later, she came back down in a comfortable pair of clothes with a suitcase.

"Just do as I say! Please, it's for your own good. I don't think we're safe here, anymore. We just need a break so we're going to London earlier," she assured.

"Who was that man?"

"What man?" she asked, trying to play dumb with me.

"The man you pushed out before! Tell me, I have a right to know!" I yelled.

She moved closer to me and placed her arms on my shoulders. I looked into her jade green eyes then moved my eyes to her left cheek. There was a small cut with dried blood.

"Just go, and don't tell anyone. You're wasting time. Pack your bags and get some sleep. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine," she said sternly.

There was a knock on the door. My mum opened it and Sam and Liam walked in. They were both wearing black suits and had ear pieces in their ears. They nodded their heads in acknowledgement.

"I should go now. Bye, darling." My mother kissed my forehead then walked out of the door with her suitcase. What was going on? I looked at Liam and Sam. Liam was only three years older than me. It was time to bring out the feminine side of me. I moved my hair out of my face and went into the bathroom. I washed all the eyeliner off then went back into the living room. They were both standing there with their hands clasped in front.

"Oh, Miss Lynx. I didn't realize that was you before," Sam said. Sam was around 40 years old and was bald. He was pretty pale and very buff.

"I need to go upstairs, into my room. Liam, could you accompany me? What if something happens while I'm in my room?" I put my hand on my forehead and faked the best possible sweet voice I had.

"No problem, ma'am," he said. Liam had spiky, brown hair with chocolate brown eyes.

"Thank you." I smiled. I went up the stairs and he followed.

"Pink-a-lot is on the move," he whispered into something.

"Roger that," I heard Sam say. What the hell? I knew I was Pink-a-lot, but I didn't think they'd actually start using code words already. I shrugged and walked into my room. Liam stopped at the door.

"Aren't you going to come in?" I asked seductively. Well, I hoped it was seductive. Liam gulped and walked in. I smirked and shut the door.

"Camel is in the room with Pink-a-lot," Liam said into his watch. I sprawled out on my bed.

"So, Liam, what brings you here all of a sudden?" I asked.

"Ma'am, you asked me to enter your room. I did so because I did not want to be rude," he replied. Gosh, what a doofus. I got up from my bed and walked up to him. I used my hand to loosen his tie.

"No, silly. Why did my mum call you guys? I thought I was safe enough and didn't need bodyguards." I ran my hand through his hair and took his glasses off. Why was he even wearing black sunnies? It was night time.

"Uh, she...I..it's to-top secret."

"Surely, I could know. I mean, if it's my safety then I think it's also, my right to know something," I said as I pushed him back.

"I...it's...umm...." he stuttered as I had him against the wall. I ran my hands up and down his chest.

"Go on," I whispered, my lips only two inches away from his.

"I...umm...that boy is watching," he said. What boy? I turned around and saw Ethan. He was staring at me through his window. Whoa, hold up! I was pretty sure I closed my curtains. How were they pulled up again? Suddenly, I felt paranoid. I remembered my mother's words. Then I remembered my hair, and my face! I brought all my hair in front of my face, then I walked to my open window and locked it. I let the curtains fall, and completely ignored Ethan's glare. Back to business. I removed my hair from my face.

"Forget him. You were saying?" I asked as I pressed my body against Liam's.

"It's...umm..nothing for...noth-nothing you should be worried about."

I licked my lips and smirked in a flirty way. I unbuttoned his top button. "Pardon?"

"He is..umm.."

"Yes, he is what?" I asked, wondering who 'he' was.

"He is back, and he wants you."

"Who is back, Liam. Who?" I urged.

Liam opened his mouth to answer my question, but a huge rock came smashing through my window. The glass shattered everywhere and before I knew it, I was on the ground with Liam covering me.

"Code pink! Code pink!" he yelled into his...whatever it was. Pink was my favourite colour, but they were just overusing the word. Sam came rushing into my room. Liam lifted me up. He pressed my back against the wall then stood in front of me with a gun. Sam took his own gun out and slowly, walked towards where my window was. He moved the curtain and we saw.....Ethan?! What the heck?

"My bad. I was practicing football. Didn't realize I chucked the rock too hard!" he shouted through his window.

"Young man, you were practicing football with a rock?" Sam asked in his Southern accent.

"My dad confiscated my ball. I had no other choice. It was either that rock or my laptop!" Ethan replied. I couldn't let him see me. I grabbed a towel that was on the floor and

wrapped my face with it. Why did this always happen to me?

"Forget it, let's go," I mumbled through the towel. I had a feeling Ethan was smirking. I walked out of my room and went into the guest room. I would sleep there tonight.

Liam followed me into the room. I remembered our conversation. I pulled the towel off.

"Liam, who's back?" I asked in a tiresome manner.

"The one who must not be mentioned," he replied.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, I mean you-know-who," he replied.

"I thought he wasn't real," I whispered.

"He is definitely real."

"So, he's back, as in he is back?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"I can't believe it." I shook my head.

"Neither can I, ma'am."

"Lord Voldemort is back," I said. "I thought he died in the Deathly Hallows*!" I was a huge Harry Potter fan. Kill me.

"You were mistak-wait, what? No, no, no. Not Voldemort."

"Then who?" I asked.

"You mother will tell you all in good time."

"Wait, I'm not some mythical creature, am I?"

"No, as far as I know, you are not."

That was a huge relief.

"Do you value your job?" I asked.

"Of course, I do, ma'am. Why would you ask?"

"Because if you really did, then you would tell me who's back."

"I can only give a first name."

"Good enough," I muttered.

"Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben."

I had no idea who that was."Okay, then. Thank you. Now, please clean the mess in my room then call me so I can pack my bags," I said.

Liam walked out of the room and I shut the door. I walked to the window and locked it. I jumped on the bed. Ben, who could that be?

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Ethan

There was absolutely no way I was going to let Adele get cosy with that stupid moron! So I rushed outside, grabbed a huge rock then went back to my room and chucked it trough her window. Yeah, I felt good when I saw I interrupted them. Adele was my gir- alien, even if I hated her guts. My grin turned into a huge frown when Alien and Moron walked out. I didn't really think they would go to another room. It was stupid of me, I guessed. I was undeniably and single-handedly capable of discovering Alien's deep, dark secret, yet I was not able to figure that Alien and Moron could go to another room. Oh, Dear Lord, why is it that this magnificent brain of mine is only proficient enough to see half the picture, I thought.

Ebony

Only one thing was on my mind; Ben. Who was he? What did he want? Should I be scared for my life? Did my shirt clash with my shoes? So many questions, so little answers.

"Ma'am, your room is ready if you wish to pack," Sam announced. I just nodded my head and sat up. I walked into my room. The glass on the floor was gone, and my fluffy, pink carpet was wet. Yes, pink was my favourite colour. I loved hot pink and occasionally, black.

"I can take it from here," I said in a rather depressing tone.

"We'll be outside your door," Liam said.

They walked out of my room and I shut the door. I knew they wouldn't let me lock it. I walked to my window and there was no glass. Instead, there was a clear, plastic sheet. I ran my fingers along the plastic. I sighed and walked to my bed. I grabbed a suitcase from underneath it and started packing.

After a while, I finished packing, but the same questions lingered in my mind. I creaked my door open. I peaked at Sam and Liam. Sam was on the phone.

"She's fine now. She's packing her bags in her room, but you must know that I saw someone creeping around the bushes after the whole rock incident," Sam said into the phone. Who was he talking to? Could it have been my mother?

"We will, Ma'am. Rest assured," he said. Ma'am? It was definitely Mum. Where was she? Was she OK?

I leaned in too close to the door and it swung open. Uh-oh, I thought. I fell to the floor and looked up. I smiled sheepishly at them. Think, Ebony, think, I chanted in my mind.

"You two have nice shoes," I complimented as I looked at their feet and took in their black dress shoes. I looked back up and saw their stern expressions. You can do better than that, I told myself.

"Liam, your right shoe lace is untied," I said as I fiddled with the lace, trying to untie it. No, no, no, no! Think besides shoes, I urged myself.

"I think I saw those shoes at Target one day. They were 30% off," I said. Damn my uncontrollable obsession with shoes, I cursed.

"OH. MY. GOSH! Guess what?" I yelled as I stood up. They seemed alert, all of a sudden.

"What is it?" they asked frantically.

"I think I saw some creepy person lurking around in the bushes near my window!" I lied and smiled when I saw them run into my room. "By the way, bring my suitcases into the guest room once you finish catching the intruder."

I walked into the Guest room just in time to hear the tearing of plastic. I shut the door and dropped myself on the bed. Oh, how I wished this Ben would turn out to be Ben Affleck and ask me to be the heroine of his new movie. I had two options; do extensive research and find out about Ben, or I could ask Mum. It was a tough decision so I decided to sleep on it.

This one was short and mainly a filler.

I was planning on making it much longer but it would have taken ages

considering I don't have my laptop and my bro wanted me off his comp so he could go on.

Don't forget to comment and vote!

xox.

Adorkable

World War III - Chapter 16

Wattpad is being mean and the settings bit is stuffed up and this is the like 6th time I've tried to upload.

Chapter 16

Ebony

I was on a plane to London. Everything had happened so fast: the dinner, the party, the little conversation with Ethan, my mum leaving and the revelation of Ben. It was all in one night.

"Ma'am, are you sure you saw somebody crawling through those bushes?" Sam asked me for the 267 364 537 545 634 364th time-give or take.

I rolled my tired eyes. It was time to answer truthfully. "Sorry, but are you inclining that I just said that to get you off my back?" It was pretty mean, but I was just too tired to care.

"Uh, Sorry, Ma'am. It's just that we searched outside your house and found no one. We're here to protect you," Sam replied.

"No, no. It's my fault. I just really said that to get you off my back. There was no one lurking around in the bushes," I admitted, "happy?"

"Well, I feel better, but your safety still is a concern."

I didn't reply. I was leaving Zaid and Lizzie behind without giving them an explanation. I was also, leaving Ethan

behind-not that I cared. I needed a peace of mind anyway.

After about another hour, the private jet touched down in London. I was wearing black, ankle stiletto boots with long, black tights. To accompany the tights, was a cream coloured, long sleeved dress that came until my mid-thigh area. I grabbed a black coat and strapped it on. I walked to the door and waited patiently as Liam opened it. As soon as it was open, I saw huge crowds of people and paparazzi.

"Keeping my destination a secret from Ben isn't going to be easy," I muttered. How did everybody find out I was going to London, anyways?

"This going to be difficult," I heard Liam mumble. I plastered a smile on my face and walked down the stairs. The cameras started flashing. The runways were jam packed with people. Was that even legal? There was a narrow path in the middle with everybody on the right or left side. Screams erupted as I took slow steps down the stairs. I waved at the fans and smiled for the cameras. I signed a couple of autographs. Thinking inside was much calmer; I walked into the Arrival Terminal with Sam and Liam close to me, only to see more fans. I didn't mind, but I just wanted some privacy. There were barriers set to keep all the fans and the paparazzi from getting too close to me. Gosh, it felt like the red carpet.

I was flooded with many questions that I politely, ignored.

"Rumour has it that you moved to Florida. Is that true?"

"Why have you been keeping a low profile, lately?"

"Are you in a relationship?"

"Is it true that you're pregnant?"

"Have you seen my cat?"

"Are you scared now that he's back?" My head shot up as soon as I heard that question. I looked around and saw a man running towards the exit. Quickly, I took off my shoes and chased him.

"Stop!" I yelled as I felt all eyes-and cameras-on me. Could it be possible that this man was The Ben?

"Ma'am! Please, stop!" Sam shouted. Pfft, stop my ass, I thought. I was on a roll. I was so close to the man. I leaped, and yelled as I landed on him.

The crowd gasped, but some of the males whistled.

"Got you!" I said as I pulled of his hat and saw his beautiful, long , blonde hair-wait a minute, I thought. This wasn't a guy. The person was a girl who looked to be in her early twenties. She had an employees' uniform on.

"Can I help you?" she asked, scared. I realized I was till on top of her. I got off and straightened my coat.

"My bad," I said as I helped her up.

"L-lo-look, Ma'am, I'm sorry. I didn't mean…for you to jump at me like that," she stuttered.

"Oh, no, no, no. I thought you were The Ben." By that time, Liam and Sam had joined me.

"I'm Julie," she answered.

"We have to get out of here," Sam said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because everybody is wondering why you just jumped at that worker," Liam replied.

"Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that," I apologized.

"Don't worry," Julie replied.

I smiled then turned around to walk away.

"Sam, my shoes are there. Could you please get them for me?" I asked.

"Sure," he replied.

I sighed and walked to the limo with Liam. I was being so paranoid. I'd rather have been with Ethan. As soon as I thought his name, it felt like a knife had been jabbed into my heart. Why am I feeling like this? I asked myself.

After a long drive we reached the hotel. It was the Royal Garden Hotel. The tall, deluxe building stood 28 storeys high. It had a relaxing and peaceful setting with many parks nearby. Life seemed so slow without Ethan. I allowed Liam and Sam to check me in. Might as well take full advantage of them, I thought. I walked into my suite. I won't bother explaining how there was a living room with golden-orange couches or how there were two rooms at the back. I sighed and walked into the bigger room. There was a large bed with white sheets, and a huge plasma TV hanging on the wall in front of the bed. Towards the end of the room was a white table with a white couch. There was a huge, double glass door that led out to a balcony that overlooked the magnificent green-space.

I could see a man sitting on a bench near an old oak tree. He had one leg crossed over the other and was reading the newspaper. As if he felt my gaze on him, he turned his head

and looked at me. We were too far apart for me to see his face clearly. He was wearing black glasses. I couldn't stop staring at him and his gaze never left mine. Who was he? I thought I saw a small smile break on his face.

I was broken out of my trance when the phone rang. I shook my head and walked into the room. I shut the door and locked it. Through the glass door I looked at the bench to see the man again, but he was gone. I shrugged and walked to the room's phone.

"Hello?"

"Ebony?"

"Hey, Mum," I greeted.

"Oh, my goodness! Why did you tackle that worker at the airport?" she asked.

I sighed. "You know about that?"

"The whole nation knows, and by tomorrow, the whole world. It's going to be front page news tomorrow," she replied.

"I just thought it was someone else."

"Oh, all right. Are you OK? I'm hoping everything at the hotel is fine."

"Yeah, it's all good. Where are you?" I asked.

She hesitated. "I'm in Eight Mile Plains."

"8MP? That's in Australia! What are you doing there?" I asked frantically. Why was she there? What was going on?

"Don't worry. I'm back at our old house. I just need something. I'll try to make it to London as soon as possible. I have to go. Take care."

"All right."

"Bye," she said.

"Bye," I breathed after she hung up.

What was she doing in Australia? Far out, this was getting so confusing.

Ethan

I hadn't seen Alien so far. What if she had eloped with Moron? I just wanted to have a goodbye argument with her before I left for my trip. Yes, I was leaving and probably, never coming back again. Where was Adele: the alien? I thought hard: Adele and alien. If I combined the two, I'd get Adelien. That was perfect. Adelien.

"Ethanual! We're leaving!" my dad shouted. I hated it when he called me Ethanual. It was Ethan. I looked out my window. There was still no sign of Adelien. Her window was still broken. At least she had something to remember me by: the boy who had made her life hell, the boy who had broken her window and quiet possibly, the boy she would soon fall in love with, so I could rub it in her butt-ugly face!

I sighed and grabbed my suitcases, knowing that I would HAVE to return eventually.

Ebony

MONDAY. TUESDAY. WEDNESDAY. THURSDAY. FRIDAY. SATURDAY. SUNDAY. MONDAY. TUESDAY. WEDNESDAY. Sorry,

didn't know why I did that. I just wanted to make my stay in London seem more dramatic. Anyways, it was Tuesday afternoon and I had been stuck in the hotel room for 2 days. There was no sign of my mother. Liam and Sam stuck close by, though. I was still no closer to figuring out who Ben was, and every now and then, I couldn't help but wonder what Ethan was doing.

My mother was right. I saw the papers and sure enough, there was a picture of me tackling that worker. I actually looked kind of good. Well, I meant I had worse photos. The headline read: EBONY LYNX POUNCES LIKE A LYNX! Oh, ha ha. That was so original.

After another couple of agonizing hours, I decide to go on Facebook. I had my laptop and logged on my account. Ethan was online. I felt my heart skip a beat. I didn't know why. I sent him a message and asked him to add me on Windows Live Messenger. He did, then I signed into MSN. I appeared offline and quickly, changed my nick from 'Ebony A' to 'Adele L'. I appeared online and almost instantly, got a message from Ethan. This was how our conversation went.

E-man:

Wat?

Adele L:

wat wat?

E-man:

u wanted me to add u

Adele L:

Yea, I know. Is that a prob?

E-man:

umm..not really. I wanna tell u sumfin anyway.

Adele L:

wat?

E-man:

I got a new nickname 4 u.

Adele L:

joy.

E-man:

It's Adelien.

Adele L:

wtf?

E-man:

it's a mix of Adele and alien. Pronounced Ah-dell-ee-en.

Adele L:

Wow, dats more than 2 syllables. I'm impressed. Well I got a new nickname 4 u 2.

E-man:

wats it?

Adele L:

shit-man.

E-man:

…. Where'd u get dat from?

Adele L:

instead of E-man, it should be shit-man. Suits u perfectly.

E-man:

Dats it! Ima block u.

Adele L:

Be my guest.

E_man:

But b4 I do, where r u?

Adele L:

Wats it 2 u?

E-man:

Just asking.

Adele L:

I'm on Earth. Where u at?

E-man:

Earth too.

"Ebony! I'm back!" My mum yelled as she entered my hotel suite. She probably had a key. That meant I had to sign out.

Adele L:

Aye, I g2g. Bye.

E-man:

Wait!

Adele L:

Yeah?

E-man:

Umm..nothing. ttyl.

Adele L:

k. byebye.

I signed out and thought about Ethan. He said 'ttyl', talk to you later, but what did he want to really say to me? Oh, well. Talking to him had lifted my mood, which was weird. However, my happiness was short lived as I noticed the state of my mother.

Ok guys I'm gonna work on my other story (I'm blind, yet he stills loves me. Why?)

because I need to update it and some people have been waiting so patiently for it.

Wattpad is screwed up for me at the moment and I can't see the options tab or anything.

So this chapter might be a bit jumbled...

xox.

© Adorkable

World War III - Chapter 17

You guys might have noticed the chapters aren't private anymore, well that's because of storryloverr and bookworm1004. They both gave me an alternative solution, so thanks you two.

Chapter 17

Ebony

My mother had bags underneath her eyes and her hair was all over the place. I doubted those track pants were designer and she had lost so much weight.

"Mum, are you OK?" I asked.

"Yes, just tired. I'm gonna head off to bed," she answered.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Nowhere important," she replied as she walked off.

"Mum!" I called after her.

"Shut up, Ebony! You worry too much. Now leave me alone and get back to whatever you were doing before!" she yelled. She had never yelled at me like that before. Something was definitely up.

"Does this have to do with....you-know-who," I whispered.

"Ebony, hate to burst your bubble because I know you love Harry Potter, but Moldyvort does not exist." She sighed.

Gosh, it was Voldemort*, not Moldyvort, and I wasn't referring to him.

"No, not him. The other one."

"You mean Lonakal?"

"No, not Kalona**!"

"Then who?" she urged.

"Ben," I said in a flat tone.

I watched her as her eyes went wide and she took a deep breath.

"Ben 10 is a cartoon," she said in a frank tone then walked off. She knew what I meant, and there was a Ben 10 movie as well!What is she hiding? I asked myself. I decided to let it slide and walked back to my room. I signed back into MSN. As soon as I was online, Ethan sent me a message.

E-man:

Ur back

Adele L:

Yeah...why?

E-man:

I knew you'd miss me ;)

Adele L:

....definitely

E-man:

See? U admitted it.

Adele L:

I was being sarcastic....

E-man:

Wateva Adelien

Adele L:

Shut up shit-man.

E-man:

U swear a lot 4 a girl

Adele L:

I do not...only round u I do.

E-man:

Then stop it.

Adele L:

I'll stop when you stop.

E-man:

Fine! Let's make an agreement. No swearing especially when we're around each other or talking to each other. Deal?

I thought hard about it. This could be fun, I told myself and smiled.

Adele L:

Deal.

E-man:

awesome....ummm...I have 2 tell u sumfin.

Adele L:

Well u cant say it coz we're on msn but u can type it.

E-man:

dats wat I meant...say/type

Adele L:

Then say/type it

E-man:

Ok...err...

Adele L:

today, please.

E-man:

don't get mad

Adele L:

Gosh..hurry!

E-man:

fornicate u, female dog! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!

He basically said 'Eff you, biaatch' (see? No swear words. I was keeping my side of the deal)

Adele L:

U offering?

E-man:

Heck, no!

Adele L:

Don't worry, I can do better than u.

E-man:

Dats wat u think.

Adele L:

its wat I know.

E-man:

Zip it

Adele L:

if ur gonna be mean 2 me then im going

E-man:

bye

Adele L:

btw, I deleted those FB pics of u....so can u erase that video off ur FB?

E-man:

No way, Adelien.

Adele L:

Fine...poop man!

E-man:

It's just a matter of time * sighs *

Adele L:

Until wat?

E-man:

until u give in to my awesome looks and charms

Adele L:

didn't we do this once before?

E-man:

Yes, we did...and I seriously cant wait till u realize u cant live without me. Then once u realize u cant have me, u'll go all Bella Swan*** and start wasting ur college money and take life-threatening risks just to hear my voice. Oh, and u'll go to Zaid 4 comfort.

Adele L:

Ok, firstly, Harry Potter is where it's at. Secondly, u sure do know a lot about Twilight for a guy. Thirdly, over my dead body.

E-man:

We'll see. I'll just rub it in ur face once u understand wat u missed out on....not dat I want to have u.

Adele L:

I don't want u either. Ur so egotistical (not a swear word)

E-man:

We'll see....

Adele L:

Yes, we shall. Goodbye, Mr. Tizzard

E-man:

Whatever. Go back to Neptune.

Then I signed out and grinned stupidly from ear to ear. To be honest, I missed his cockiness a little bit, but not a lot. He made me forget about Ben, my mother and everything else. That night I went to bed with a smile on my face, wanting to go back to Miami, but little did I know that Ethan was far gone from Florida.

It was Thursday morning and I just took a long, relaxing shower. The photo shoot was today and I had to be at the set by 11a.m. Dressed casually, I walked out of the hotel suite and into the lobby. A couple of people asked for a picture and an autograph on the way. When I reached the lobby, I saw my mum with John. I smiled and waved at

them. To dodge the paparazzi, we went through the back then go into the limo.

After a 20 minute drive, we reached the studio. I was greeted by a couple of photographers and fans. I waved and happily, signed some more autographs. Out of nowhere, Sam and Liam appeared. They ushered me away from the crowd and once I was safely inside, I sighed in relief. I was so bored and by the looks of the photo shoot photographer and makeup artists, I was late too.

"Ebony, finally! Let's get your makeup done first!" The photographer clapped his hands and a middle-aged woman took me into the makeup room. Once that was done, I got back out.

"Looking sexy! Okay, wardrobe!" the photographer ordered. He was wearing black pants with a black top and had a little red bow tied to his neck.

After another 15 minutes, I came out sporting silver, leather tights with a cream coloured shirt that had frills and buttons everywhere. I wore matching heels. (http://geniusbeauty.com/wp-content/uploads/2009/11/Dior-Spring-Summer-2010-Collection.jpg)

"Hair!" the photographer yelled.

I was hauled into the makeup room again and the hairdresser worked on my hair. After an hour, I expected my hair to look gorgeous and sophisticated, but it was a simple Jennifer Aniston look.

"All right, you're ready, and don't you look gorgeous!" the hairstylist said.

I smiled then a question popped into my head. "Isn't this for a new perfume?"

"Yes, it is," the young hairdresser with red hair replied.

"So, shouldn't I at least wear the fragrance?"

"Honey, it's not like the reader will smell the magazine page. They won't even be able to tell if you're wearing the perfume or not," Kelly, the hairdresser, answered.

"Oh, okay," I mumbled.

"Where is my female star?" the photographer shouted.

"Good luck. By the way, the other model you'll be posing with is one hot man." Kelly winked.

I left the makeup room and took a couple of different turns until I reached the photo shoot set. The background was silver, like my pants, and the floor was cream coloured. There stood a male who was dressed in similar colours to me. I couldn't make out his face, but he looked pretty good from the back. He was tall and his back seemed very familiar.

I walked up to him and cleared my throat to get his attention. He turned around and once I saw his face, my heart froze and my eyes nearly popped out of its sockets.

---

* Harry Potter books by J.K Rowling (I'll be using HP a lot coz I really love it haha)

**Kalona from the House of Night Series by P.C and Kristin Cast

*** Bella Swan from the Twilight Saga by Stephenie Meyer.

Sorry, but whenever I use another story/character in my story, I put a reference because I don't own them and it'll only be fair if I mention them at the end.

And by the way, Yaz, when I said "Nahh...I'm just like saying that to get you all excited"...I really meant it. haha, my friend thought there would be a sex scene between ethan and adele in this chapter.

BTW, a lot of people think it's weird how Ethan knew what Mathew smelled like (mentioned in the earlier chapters when Ethan dumped Ashley) ...well did you ever think that maybe I put that there for a reason *hint hint wink wink nudge nudge*

xox.

© Adorkable

World War III - Chapter 18

OMG OMG OMG!

I got more than 300 votes on the first chapter of this and I was like over the moon.

That's why I posted this extra quick, and all in one sitting for you guys.

NOT EDITED

Chapter 18

Ebony

"Zaiden?" I practically shouted in a questioning way.

"Oh, I see you know my name," he said. "Nice to meet you, Ebony." He extended his hand for me to shake. I was too busy gaping at him.

"Is something wrong?" he asked as he put his hand back to his side. I closed my mouth and shook my head in disbelief.

"This is not happening! This is not happening! This is not happening!" I chanted loudly.

"Pardon?"

"Oh, my gosh, Zaiden!" I slapped my hand over my forehead over and over again.

"Wait....Adele?"

I looked at him. He figured it out. His eyes were huge with disbelief and his mouth was hanging open. Play dumb, play dumb, I said to myself.

"Adele? Sorry, I don't know who you're talking about," I said, totally forgetting about changing my voice or accent. Smooth, I thought.

"Oh, my gosh! It is you!" he said as he pointed his finger at me and took a couple of steps back. My eyes wandered around the room and everybody was staring at us.

"Of course it's me. I'm just a person. No need to overreact," I said loudly, hoping everybody heard and went back to their business.

Zaiden took a deep breath, then stepped closer to me.

"You're living a double life?" he whispered.

"Yeah, but I swear it's not like Hannah Montana."

"So, Adele, you're Ebony too?" He cocked a brow. Gosh, he looked so perfect.

"Yes."

"Oh, what sweethearts! Andale, andale! I don't have all day, people!" the stuck up photographer shouted.

Zaid looked at me. "Let's go out after the shoot, then you can explain everything."

I nodded and smiled. He smiled back, but I could see a hint of betrayal in his eyes. The shoot lasted for only 15 minutes. It took me another 30 minutes to get the makeup off and change back into my clothes. I wore simple, grey suit pants

with a black, knee-length coat. I wore black sunnies with a grey scarf wrapped around my neck. To top it all off, I put on a black beanie over my dark hair. My lips shimmered with clear lip gloss, and my cheeks were a natural pink colour.

I stepped out of the changing room and saw Zaiden waiting patiently. I grabbed my black handbag and joined him.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Let's just go for a walk," he replied. I nodded and we walked to the back door.

"Does your Mum know you'll be with me?" he asked.

"Yeah, I told her. She wanted Sam and Liam to come too, but I said I'd be fine."

"All right then, let's go," he said as he pushed the doors open. The chilly weather was nice and refreshing. I loved London weather. I dug my hands deeper into my pockets.

We walked silently for a couple of minutes until Zaiden spoke up.

"When were you planning on telling us?" he asked.

"Us?"

"Well, Lizzie and I. I mean, I know we're not very close, but we both really like you."

"I don't know."

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"Because I wanted to be normal for once in my life. I wanted people to like me for who I was, and not what I was. I

wanted to fit in. I wanted to be a regular teenager," I said in a rush.

He stopped walking and looked at me. I stared back up at him, then out of nowhere, he hugged me. It felt good knowing he was there for me. After 48 seconds (yes, I was counting), he let go off me.

"I understand, but I just can't believe that one of my best mates is Ebony Lynx. You look totally different at school," Zaiden told me. I had been so worried about myself that I had forgotten about Zaid.

"So, what about you?" I asked him as we continued walking down the quiet street. It was a cold day and on the other side of the road was a cemetery.

"What about me?"

"You're a model?"

"Yeah, but it's more of a part time thing. I'm not that big on it like you."

"Do people at school know?" I asked.

"Yeah, everybody knows. They got used to it, eventually. They know I pose for brand names and sometimes I need time off from school."

"How old were you when you started?" I asked him again.

"Eleven. I did some commercials too."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you knew."

"That's what Lizzie meant at the party. We were talking about Ethan"- felt like a dagger had been pushed into my heart when I mentioned his name- "and Lizzie said that there are no female models at our school. It makes sense now. She said no females, but that didn't mean males," I realized.

"Yeah, and she was referring to me."

I laughed and my hand found his. We swung our arms back and forth. Letting somebody else know about my secret felt good.

"Zaid, you have to promise not to tell anyone about my secret," I said.

"What about Ethan?" he asked.

"ESPECIALLY, not Ethan."

"If he ever does figure it out, then he'll feel so stupid," Zaid said.

"Really?"

"Yeah. All he does is talk about how hot Ebony Lynx is, and about how much you look like a fag. If he finds out you are Ebony Lynx then he'll freak. How did you come up with the name 'Adele', by the way?"

"My full name is Ebony Adele Lynx. I dropped the 'Ebony' bit when I enrolled at your school. So, can I trust you?"

"You know you can. What are you gonna do with Lizzie?"

I thought about that and realized there was only one thing I could do.

"I'll tell her when the-"

"The time is right. Yeah, that is such an overused and cheesy line."

"Actually, I was gonna say 'when the time is not wrong'," I joked.

Zaiden laughed and so did I. All of a sudden, a photographer jumped out of from behind a silver car that was parked on the road.

"Oh, what's this? Ebony Lynx has a new man!" he said then took some pictures. A couple of other lens men appeared and snapped some shots.

Just when I thought nothing more could go wrong, a very familiar voice shouted, "Zaiden?"

Zaiden and I looked across the road at the cemetery, and there stood the one, the only, the arrogant, Ethan Tizzard. I was in shock. What the Helen Keller (no swearing!) was he doing there?

AND I WAS GOING TO STOP THERE BUT I WAS SOOOO HAPPY ABOUT THE 300 VOTES I DECIDED TO CONTINUE

Ethan put a red nose on some gravestone then walked towards us. He looked at me and froze. He checked me out then grinned. Thank God I was wearing sunnies and a beanie.

"Run," Zaiden whispered as more pictures of us were taken.

Hand in hand, Zaiden and I ran for our lives.

"Wait!" I heard Ethan shout. I looked back and saw that we were being chased by the paparazzi and by Ethan.

"This way," Zaiden said. He gripped my left hand tighter then we turned right. We ran into an undercover car park. We ran up to a silver Porsche 911.

"Impressive." I nodded my head approvingly.

He chuckled and unlocked the doors. We both jumped in. He zoomed out of the car park and as we were leaving, I caught a glimpse of Ethan's confused face.

AND ONCE AGAIN I WAS GOING TO STOP THERE, BUT I WAS TOO EXCITED ABOUT THE VOTES SO I DECIDED TO BE NICE

Ethan

I was visiting my mother's grave in London when I saw a very familiar boy. I looked closer and recognized him as Zaiden. What was he doing here? Then I remembered: he had some modeling business to take care of. Holding his hand, was a gorgeous girl. I couldn't see her face clearly, but she reminded of the same girl I had seen near my school some while ago.

"Zaiden?" I shouted to see if it really was him.

Both their heads snapped my way. I grinned as I took a closer look at the girl. They were both surrounded by the paparazzi and they tried to make a run for it.

"Wait!" I shouted as I started chasing them. Gosh, this is was really pathetic. I remembered the deal I made with Adele: no swearing. Usually, I was a man of my word.

I saw them run into a car park, and by the time I reached the entrance they zoomed out of there. The girl in the passenger side stared at me and I stared back, amazed by her beauty even in the sunnies and the beanie. Once the car was gone, I stumbled my way back to the cemetery. I reached my mother's gravestone and for the 234 586th time, read the words:

In loving memory of

Mother, wife and dear friend,

Adele Rose Tizzard

10 July 1970 - 29 September 2003

Yeah, my mother's name was Adele too. It didn't mean much, though. There were millions of people out there who were named Adele. My mother was one of them. I felt a lump grow bigger and bigger in my throat.

"No, no. Don't cry," I whispered to myself. I couldn't cry; I didn't want to. I would have looked like a fool. I felt a tear slide down my cheek. Oh, great, I'm becoming a girl, I said to myself.

Quickly, I wiped that tear away and stood up. I looked back down at the red rose I had left earlier. I sighed then got back into my car.

By the way, dudes, stop fretting.

I know if I want to be a good writer, I shouldn't say this, but ETHAN IS NOT GAY!

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 19

Just a little surprise at the end to show my token of appreciation.

READ THE LITTLE NOTE AT THE END...AND PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU READ IT UP TO THE ABSOLUTE END!

Chapter 19

Ebony

"Where should I drop you?" Zaiden asked me.

"Back at the studio. I'm pretty sure my mum is waiting for me," I lied.

"I could just drop you off at where ever you're staying," he offered.

"Nah, I'm all right, thanks."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"All right, then," he said as he made an illegal u-turn.

"When did you get this car?" I asked him.

"Yesterday," he replied.

"Are you going to take it back to Miami?"

"I want to, but it might be difficult because the driver's side is on the right, not the left."

"Yeah, thought so. I prefer the driver's side being on the right."

"No way! Left is so much easier," he defended.

I couldn't believe we were actually talking about this.

"Right is so much better! Left is just confusing."

"More than half the world has the driver's seat on the left," Zaiden stated.

"England, Australia, India, New Zealand, Papa New Guinea all have their driver's side on the right," I told him.

"Well, the USA have it on the left."

"Okay, they're both good, deal?"

He looked at me then smiled. "Deal."

He parked outside the front door. The paparazzi were gone and the streets were quite. I got out of his hot car.

"Thanks for the ride," I thanked him.

"No problem, Adele, or Ebony, or is it Ebony Adele?" He seemed confused.

I chuckled. "Stick to Adele."

"See ya at school, then, Adele."

"Bye, Zaiden, and remember, don't tell anyone about my secret."

"I won't," he smirked cutely then drove away.

Zaiden was a pretty boy and Lizzie was a pretty girl. They would have been so perfect for each other. I had no intention on going back into the studio. I walked back to the cemetery in search of Ethan. I didn't want to talk to him, but I just wanted to see him. After a couple of minutes, I still couldn't find him. I walked to where he had dropped the rose. I looked down at the words.

In loving memory of

Mother, wife and dear friend,

Adele Rose Tizzard

10 July 1970 - 29 September 2003

What the fudge cake? I thought. His mother's name was Adele, too? I dropped on my knees and touched the rose. It was wet, whether from regular water or tears; I did not know. I sighed. He always teased my name even though it was his late mother's. He must really hate me, I thought. I knew that if Ethan was my father's name, I would have never made fun of it the way he did.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I was always sensitive. Maybe the death of his mother turned him into a butt hole. Maybe he uses the whole jerk attitude to cover up the feelings he still has for his mother, I told myself. I shook my head and stood up. Part of me actually felt sorry for Ethan. Next to the gravestone, was a black wallet. I picked it up and had a look inside. I saw a picture of Ethan, Casper and a beautiful woman who had black hair with blue eyes. She wasn't very young, but something about her face was elegant. Ethan was much younger in the picture. His hair was shorter and he was smiling.

"Can I help you?" a voice I could recognize from a mile away asked.

I looked up and came face to face with Ethan. His eyes had traces of red, and they looked puffy. Nawww, he had been crying, I said to myself. I didn't think it was weird when boys cried. They were humans too and they had to get their emotions out as well.

His face was very close to mine and he studied me intently. I looked down, glad I was wearing glasses, a beanie, and had a scarf tightly wrapped around my neck.

I cleared my throat and put on a fake American accent. "No, I just found this on the ground and was going to give it to the police station," I lied.

"Oh, well, thank you, but it's mine. I came back for it once I realized I forgot it."

"No problem. I guess I'll go now." I handed him the wallet and turned around. He grabbed my wrist.

"Wait, aren't you the girl who was with Zaiden Stuart before?" he asked.

It was times like these where I wished I could swear.

"Yeah, that was me. Now, please excuse me. I have to go. Maybe I'll see you around," I lied.

"Doubt it. I'm going back to Miami tomorrow night," he replied.

"Oh, well, then it was nice talking to you."

"Are you sure we've never met before?"

"Yes, I am. I have never seen you before today." Gosh, I was lying so much lately.

I quickly walked away and got out of the gates just in time to see Ethan speed away in his car. I put a hand on my forehead. I looked across the road and saw a familiar man sitting on a bench. He had dark hair and was wearing black glasses. He had a brown coat on and was staring at me. He looked like the same man I had seen earlier at the hotel. I couldn't stop staring at him. Something about him was so enticing. After a couple of more minutes, I started to walk away. Before I turned the corner I looked back again, but the man was gone.

I walked towards the hotel and reached it after around three hours. It was almost dark. Using the back door, I went into the hotel and up to my room. I used my key card to open the door and once I was inside, my mum came rushing to my side.

"Where have you been? I was worried sick! Don't you ever think about me?"

"I told you I was with Zaiden."

"I thought he would drop you off at the hotel. I didn't know you two would just disappear."

"He offered me a ride, but I refused. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go to my room," I said through gritted teeth.

"Fine. We're leaving on Saturday morning. You have tomorrow if you want to go sightseeing!" she yelled after me.

I didn't bother replying. I knew why Ethan was in London: to visit his mother's grave. That was so sweet. Adele Tizzard

was her name. Adele Tizzard: it had a certain ring to it - not that I was interested. I was just saying his mother's name. Why was thinking about Ethan so much? He was just an arrogant, conceited player who only wanted girls for one thing. So what if he had a sensitive side somewhere deep down? I was not attracted to him at all! According to him, I was an ugly alien from Neptune. I wanted Ethan to tell me why he was in London even though I already knew. I had to ask him on MSN, but I had to take a professional approach. I knew just what to do. I signed in and waited for an hour until he came on. I didn't necessarily wait for him. I was also talking to my other friends. So, there! He was not special because I was not specifically waiting for him.

I double clicked his name and the conversation box came up. Be professional, be cool be calm, and do it right, I told myself. I had to have a strategy if I wanted him to admit the reason why he was in London.

Adele L:

WAT THE FISH R U DOING IN LONDON?!?!?!?

E-man:

….wat?

Yeah, wow, Ebony, that was so professional, I complimented myself.

Adele L:

umm..sorry, wrong convo

E-man:

Riiiiiiight..u just wanted an excuse to talk to me

Did I? No, of course I didn't.

Adele L:

I did not.

E-man:

suuuuuuure :P

Adele L:

sooooo...in a totally unrelated topic and professional way, where r u?

E-man:

home

Adele L:

As in your house in Miami?

E-man:

No, as in u suck

Adele L:

Hey!

E-man:

hi?

Adele L:

Gosh, never mind.

E-man:

I was right.

Adele L:

.... ?

E-man:

U r an Ebony Lynx wannabe....just look at your dp.

Adele L:

my dp?

E-man:

ur display pic.

Adele L:

I know wat a dp is.

I looked at it and it was a photo of me from my trip to Hawaii! How could I have been so stupid to have forgotten about that? But more importantly, how could Ethan have been so stupid to not figure it out?

Adele L:

never thought I'd say this but ur right.

E-man:

so like do u have posters of ebony hanging on ur walls too?

Adele L:

No

E-man:

why do u wear contacts then?

Adele L:

I dont

E-man:

u have the exact same eyes as her. Not even one single bit different

Adele L:

Nawwwww, u studied my eyes that hard?

E-man:

Pfft! Tsk! No!

Adele L:

Well, then I don't know.

E-man:

OMG!

Adele L:

wat?

E-man:

u dont wear contacts to look like Ebony, n u have the same body as her actually.

I took a deep breath. He figured it out, I knew it. I just knew it. Should have known my secret wouldn't last long.

Adele L:

wat r u trying 2 say?

E-man:

I CANNOT BELIEVE I HAVE BEEN THIS STUPID!!

Adele L:

why? Wats wrong?

E-man:

U dont wear contacts 2 look like Ebony. She wears contacts to look like YOU! Wats wrong with her? Who would wanna look like u?

I sighed in relief. He was such a silly boy.

Adele L:

Wow. I must say, I am impressed.

E-man:

I can't believe I figured it out. I am in such a good mood.

Adele L:

U definitely have the right to be in a good mood.

E-man:

U know wat? Ur all right, Adele.

Adele L:

Ethan?

E-man:

wat?

Adele L:

Do u know anybody else named Adele?

I counted the seconds as they passed by. I instantly felt the mood shift and I had a feeling he was uncomfortable with this topic. 126 seconds later;

E-man:

I knew somebody else.

Adele L:

Who?

E-man:

wat makes u think I'll tell u?

Adele L:

I asked nicely

E-man:

My mum was named Adele too. I have to go now. Have fun at school, sucker!

Adele L:

School? U have school too, u know.

E-man:

No, I haven't been 2 skool 4 nearly a week,

Adele L:

really? I never noticed. R u sure?

E-man:

I hate you

Adele L:

Right back at ya, mate.

We both signed out and I dropped myself on the bed. I noticed how he used proper and formal English while talking about his mother. I felt bad for bringing it up, but I had this urge to know more about Ethan. Tomorrow was my last day in London, and what better way to spend it than going to the London Eye?

I just love writing the MSN convos between Ethan and Adele.

HERE'S THE SURPRISE.....WELL NOT REALLY A SURPRISE...most of you wanted this, so here it is!

CHARACTER PHOTOS!!!!

They don't have to exactly look like this.

It's just like...an estimate? haha

Please check them all out.

You might think Zaiden is better looking than Ethan. He's supposed to be, but he is a pretty boy. hehe

http://www.pict.com/view/2617340/0/ebonyadelelynx2 <----- (Imagine hair darker)

http://www.pict.com/view/2617350/0/zaiden2

http://www.pict.com/view/2489423/0/mirandalynx <--- Ebony's Mum

http://www.pict.com/view/2489427/0/lizzieroberts <--- Lizzie (soooooo cute)

http://www.pict.com/view/2489435/0/ashley

http://www.pict.com/view/2467636/0/ethantizzard <--- Ethan (soooo DAMN hot!!)

SO WHAT DO YA THINK???

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I was kidding about Ethan. That man looks like he's been stung by 2736843948 bees all at once (no offence if he's reading this or if anybody is related to him)

This is the real Ethan.

http://www.pict.com/view/2489454/0/ethantizzard2

SHOUT OUT TO aprilbrookshire (check out her stories!) FOR INTRODUCING ME TO WWW.PICT.COM

You don't know you did, but trust me you did and thanks.

Dont' forget to vote/comment!

and sorry if I take long to upload any of my stories!

You guys are lucky I don't have vote limits. ahaha

I love you all too much to be mean.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Ebony

"The London Eye, please," I told the taxi driver as I hopped into the back seat. Today, I was going to have fun. I was going to put all my worries behind me and enjoy myself before returning back to Miami. I had to ditch Liam and Sam in order to accomplish that. Gratefully, there was no rain, but it still was a cold day. I wore grey skinnies with a white knee-length coat. I chucked on a pair of white sunglasses and went with a pair of white Christian Dior flats. My hair was tied high in a pony tail and my hands were kept warm in white gloves.

The London Eye was less than 3 miles away from the hotel, so it wasn't a very long drive. Each capsule could hold 25 people. As I walked into the capsule, I saw the same man I had seen twice earlier. I stared at him and he stared back with the same curiosity. He wasn't very old: probably in his early thirties. I cleared my throat and walked to the very edge of the capsule. The doors shut, and we moved up. Tourists took pictures and gasped in amazement. I just stood there and looked out at the beautiful city and the some what polluted river.

I took a calming breath and grabbed my phone from my handbag. I put it in camera mode and took a picture of the city. I turned my phone around and snapped a picture of myself. Then I poked my tongue out and snapped another shot. I giggled when I saw the picture. This time I did the peace sign and grinned like an idiot. For the next picture I

just smiled then I scrunched up my nose and took another photo.

I heard a chuckle coming from my left. I turned around and saw the same man. He was smiling at me, so I smiled back. He had gorgeous blue eyes and black hair. He was definitely the same man I had seen at the hotel and near the cemetery. I averted my gaze and continued taking random pictures of myself.

"Would you like me to take a photo?" an unrecognizable voice asked. It was the same man with the blue eyes.

"That would be nice," I replied as I handed him my iPhone. He snapped two regular pictures of me then gave me back my phone.

"Thank you," I said.

"No problem," he replied. I turned around and looked out the glass at the river. He joined me.

"So, is this your first time here?" he asked me.

"I've been to London before, but it is my first time at the London Eye."

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it is. I didn't expect London to be this big."

"We learned about The London Eye at school," he mentioned.

"Did it even exist when you were at school?" I mumbled.

"You are very smart. No, it didn't exist when I was at school, but we did learn a lot about London's history at school."

"Did you go to school in London?" I asked him.

"For a little while I did. Well, when I turned 14 I moved countries."

"Really? Where to?" I had no idea why I was asking him all this but he just seemed like the kind of guy I could easily get along with.

"Australia."

"No way! I'm from there."

"Yeah, I can tell from your accent."

"Sometimes, I wish there was no glass in this capsule," I mumbled.

"Why?" he asked.

"So we can spit," we both said at the same time.

Both of us chuckled.

"My dad always told me I was a bit of a rebel as a teen," he said.

"Where is he now?" I asked, which was probably rude of me.

"He's dead. He was really fed up with me when I was a teenager, but then I got a scholarship to Engineering school and he was proud."

"Must be the best feeling in the world," I said.

"What must be?"

"Knowing your parents are proud of you," I mumbled, looking down.

"Haven't your parents ever been proud of you?" he asked me.

"Well, my mum is usually too busy for me. I guess that's why I do what I do: for some attention from my mother." At that moment I realized that part of why I did modeling was because it made my mum happy. Of course I did enjoy it, but seeing my mum's smile after a photo shoot had always lit a smile on my own face.

"What about your father?" he asked.

I laughed humorlessly. "I don't know anything about him. He just left my mother and I never got a single letter or single call from him."

"Well, you seem like a good girl. I'm sure he would be very proud of you."

"He could be dead, for all I know."

"Your mother should have told you something about your father. You have the right to know."

"She never did."

"I'll tell you a little secret: my mum left me when I was four months old."

"I'm so sorry."

"Don't be. My father loved her so much, and he never spoke one word ill of her. He always told me about her because he

believed I had a right to know about the woman who gave birth to me."

"I don't know about my dad, but my mum has never said a bad word about him. Well, she never said anything about him."

He seemed to be processing my words.

"Maybe she just didn't love him anymore."

"Doubt it," I muttered.

"What makes you doubt it?"

"Well, I have never ever told anyone but sometimes I'd find my mum crying alone in her room. Some nights she still does cry herself to sleep. Once, when I was around 6 years old, I found her crying in the living room and she said something about how I remind her so much of him that it hurts."

"So you're saying your mother still loves your father?"

"I know she does, but she just doesn't want to admit it. She worked so hard to be my mother and my father."

"What did she do?"

"Well, I remember how once I went to the park and all the children had their dads teaching them how to ride their first bike. My dad wasn't there, so my mum helped me and of course, I love her, but I've just never had a father/daughter moment."

"I guess you've had it harder than me. My mum returned when I was around 13. She said she wanted to know her

son, and that she made a mistake, but I guess I was just so felt with hurt that I pushed her away."

"Where is she now?"

"She tried so hard to make me love her, and eventually, after many years I did. But to answer your question, she died around 3 weeks ago."

"I'm sorry," I said, feeling sad.

"While she was on her death bed, she had one wish," he added, absentmindedly.

"What was that?"

"I guess you could say it was to not make the same mistake she did," he answered quietly.

By then, we had reached the ground and it was time for us to get off. Everybody filed out and we followed together. We were about to go our separate ways when I spoke.

"I'm Ebony, by the way," I said as I outstretched my hand for him to shake.

He shook my hand. "Ben."

Somebody asked me what this used to be called, and its previous title was:

The perfect guy, the perfect girl, and the not so perfect lie.

Initially, before I even joined Wattpad or started writing, I was going to call this;

Him + Her = World War III

But once I joined, I saw there was a story with a similar title soooo yeah. It sucked because I loved that title so much and thought it was just right.

Don't forget to comment and vote.

PICTURE OF BEN:

http://www.pict.com/view/2520905/0/ben

xox.

© Adorkable

World War III - Chapter 21

Shout out to:

Ox_zoe

because she was the first one to actually guess everything correctly.

Chapter 21

Ebony

Ben? Wait, he was Ben? I was expecting someone crippled with a missing tooth, but Ben was actually good looking. I felt his hand tighten around mine and I tried hard to escape his hand's grasp.

"I need to go," I said as I tried pulling away. He didn't let go, he just stared at me.

"Can we talk?" he asked slowly.

"We just did in that capsule. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be going."

"Ebony, we need to talk. If you can just hear me out-"

"Let go, or I'll scream. Really loud." Where was Liam and Sam when you needed them?

He studied me real hard for a second.

"I'll let go if you agree to talk with me."

"When?" I asked.

"Today."

"Where?" I asked again.

"There's a little coffee shop around the corner."

"Why?"

"Because you need to know," he answered.

"Who?"

"Um, you and I?"

"How?"

"Ebony!"

I was getting on his nerves. Good.

"What if I don't want to come with you?" I challenged.

"You will do as I say," he informed sternly.

"I can get the whole country's police on you. Let me go, freak." I planned on using a word other than 'freak', but then I remembered the promise I made to Ethan. Let's just say that word also started with 'f' and ended with 'k'

"Ebony, do not speak to me like that."

"Why? Who do you think you are? My father?" I asked, sarcasm clear in my voice.

"Yes, I am your father."

I snorted. "Yeah, and I'm Joe Jonas."

"Ebony, I'm serious and you will do as I say, young lady."

"Young lady? Okay, let's just say you are my father. What makes you think that after 17 years of missing from my life, you can just stroll back in and boss me around?"

"Just let me explain," he pleaded.

"No. You are not my father, so let me go!" I nearly shouted. Some people turned their heads our way.

"Ebony, think about it. Your mother has green eyes and blonde hair. You have blue eyes and dark hair: the same as I. Who do you think you inherited that from?"

Okay, so he had a point there, but was he really my father? He could have just been wearing contacts, and if he was my dad then why would my mum have been so scared?

"You could be wearing a wig," I pointed out.

"Just give me five minutes. That's all, then make up your mind."

"Fine. Let's get out of here before anybody recognizes me," I mumbled.

"Will you run away if I let go of your hand?"

"Yes," I replied honestly.

He raised a brow at me.

"No, I won't," I said.

He let my hand go and I was just about to run when I realized something; what if he really was my dad? I sure as heck wanted an explanation as to why he just ditched my mum and I like that!

"Where's the coffee shop?" I asked.

"Just over there, around the corner," he replied. Silently, I followed him, and we stepped into a modern café. We sat on a blue, rectangle-shaped table that was located next to the window.

I waited for him to start explaining himself. I leaned back in my seat and crossed my arms over my chest. Surprisingly, he did the same. I raised a brow, and at the same time, he did as well.

"Are you challenging me?" I asked him.

He snorted. "I would never think of it. It would be very unfair."

"Yeah, unfair for you."

"Let's just get to the point before we get carried away."

"Very well, then."

"Okay, so I am your father."

"Yeah, that's been established already, thank you."

"So you believe me?" he asked with a glimpse of hope in his blue eyes.

"I didn't say that."

"Fine. Anyways, the reason I wasn't there when you were born was because I had no idea your mother was pregnant."

"You cannot be my father. It's not possible," I said.

"What makes you think that?"

"You're too young, plus you're kinda cute to be a dad."

He smirked smugly. "I am older than your mother."

"WHAT?" I shouted, causing people to stare.

"Didn't you know? I'm a year older."

"But you look like you're in your mid-twenties."

"Thank you, but I'm 33."

"My mum is 42," I informed.

"Is she really?" he asked.

"Well, um, that's what she's alwa-"

"She was 15 when she got pregnant with you."

"She told me she was 25."

I couldn't believe it. What else had my mum been lying to me about? She was 15 when she was pregnant with me and she always expected me to be an angel.

"She lied to you, Ebony," said Ben.

"Why would she do that?"

"I don't know, and she never told me she was pregnant."

"But, she doesn't even look like she is 32."

"She does. You just need to pay close attention."

"Well, if you're my father then why would my mum hire bodyguards to protect me from you?"

"You'll have to ask her that yourself."

"Okay, start from the very beginning. When you met, how you met etcetera etcetera," I said.

He looked at me with raised brows then sighed. He leaned closer and placed his elbows on the table.

"Okay, so I was 15 when I moved to Australia. I went to Miranda's school and that was how I met her. She was 14 at the time. We were in the same form class and always sat next to each other during lunch. I was deeply in love with her and like most teenagers, we had our fun. When I turned 16, my dad decided to move back to London." He looked at me to see if I was following. I nodded my head and he continued, "We were supposed to meet at this rock. It was our special place. She said she had something to tell me and I told her the same. When we met at the rock, I told her I was moving and she just broke down. She cried and cried and cried, not letting go of my arm."

Yeah, my mum was pretty clingy.

"She kept on saying that we belong together and that I should just ditch my dad, but I couldn't do that because my mum had already left my dad once. Then she called me selfish and told me I only cared about myself. I loved her very dearly, but she could not understand that I didn't really have a choice. At 16, I didn't have a job, my own house, I wasn't financially secure so there was no way I could leave

my dad and live on the streets. I knew Miranda's parents wouldn't let me move in with them."

"Was she pregnant with me at the time?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm guessing she was. I believe that was what she wanted to tell me, but never got the chance to because after I told her I had to move and that there really wasn't any other way, she yelled 'I hate you!' and ran away. I never saw her after that."

"So you didn't know she was pregnant?"

"No. If I did, I would have told my father and I knew he would have stayed for the baby."

"How did you know you had a daughter? How did you find out about me?" I asked him.

He stared at me intently and took a deep breath. He walked to the counter and ordered a coffee with a smoothie. He came back and gave me the smoothie and sipped his coffee.

"How did you know I like mango smoothies?" I asked him whilst sucking from the straw.

"I liked it too when I was 17."

"Okay, go on. Answer my question."

"It was about 7 years ago when I saw you on TV. You were at some press conference and I didn't know you were my daughter, but then I saw your mother sitting next to you and at that moment, I realized you were my daughter. I added everything up and figured that on that day at the rock, Miranda was going to tell me she was pregnant."

Ha, if only Ethan was smart enough to 'add all the evidence together' correctly. Ethan; I wondered where he was. If Ethan was in in Ben's position, it would have took him another 25 years. Scratch that, 35 years.

"You were 10 years old, and I had left your mum for around 11 years. I know it takes 9 months for a baby to be born, and it was all overwhelming at first: having a daughter and not knowing for about a decade," he continued. "Instantly, I felt regret for missing out on all those childhood years of yours. It was exactly what my mother had done to me. By that time, I was sort of close with my mother as well, so I told her too."

"Is that what she meant?" I asked him.

"You mean her death bed wish?"

"Yes. Is that what she meant by you not making the same mistake as her?"

He sighed heavily and took another long sip.

"She told me that I should find you, I should be part of your life. All she wanted was a grandchild, and when she found out about you, she was ecstatic."

"Why didn't you come back as soon as you found out?"

"I tried to. For about a year I tried to be part of your life, but your mother did not let me. You guys kept on moving around, then eventually, I gave up."

"Did your mum tell you look for me again?"

"Yes, before she passed away. She told me that I should look for you again. She told me not to give up hope and that

even beyond the grave, she won't rest peacefully until I get a chance to tell you the whole story."

I took a deep breath and looked out the window. Thank god, I was wearing glasses. I knew I had teary eyes at that moment.

"Do you believe me?" Ben asked quietly.

"You could just be making this whole story up. You could have just done your research and come up with a whole lie."

"Do you think I would actually waste my time doing all that?"

"If you were just my harmless father, then why would my mum have gone through all that trouble to keep you away from me? Why did she get those bodyguards? Why did she want me to leave Florida as soon as possible? Why did she go all the way back to Brisbane? Why did she not tell me all this herself? Something has got to be wrong!" I yelled. The few people who were there stared our way.

"Ask her all that yourself. There are always two sides to a story. You heard mine and I am sorry for not being there. Do you know how much it hurt in that capsule when you were talking about your father? Saying he could be dead for all you knew? Saying you don't know what it's like to have a dad? Saying your mother has always been your father too? It killed, knowing my daughter didn't know her father was just standing right next to her!" he shouted whilst standing up.

"Do you know how much it hurt when I saw the other kids having fun with their dad when I was a child? How much it hurt when rumors about my mum being a lesbian spread throughout primary school when I was just 7 years old?" I

stood up as well and waved my hands in the air for dramatic effect.

"Yes, I do know because my mum had left me too!"

Everybody was staring at us. Ben and I looked around and I felt embarrassed. We smiled sheepishly.

"Great job, mate! We're bound to get that place in the commercial now!" I said loudly enough for everybody to hear. Ben gave me a weird look.

"What commer-" I chucked my empty smoothie bottle at him and he understood. "Oh, oh, yes! That commercial! The one with the people arguing. I know, and look around! We had these people convinced!"

"Is that Ebony Lynx?" someone murmured.

"I think it is," somebody else pitched in.

I took off my glasses and smiled.

"Yes, it is I." Far out, that sounded so lame, and cliché.

People gasped and smiled. Then everybody clapped. Haha, those suckers actually believed that lie. Ben and I took a bow. I sat back down and felt all eyes and phones on me.

"Wanna go?" Ben asked. I wasn't sure I if I could call him 'Dad'. I had to hear what my mum had to say about all this.

"Yes, please, and I'm sorry for yelling at you like that," I said as I stood up and headed out the door.

"Me, too."

I waved goodbye to all the customers then walked out. A breeze of fresh air hit my face. I wore my sunnies even though there was no need.

"I'm guessing you don't believe me," Ben said.

"Well, not yet. I'm going to ask Mum."

"I know I shouldn't ask this, but, um, is it true that you're dating Zee-Es?"

"Who?" I asked, utterly confused.

"Zee-Es. Zaiden Stuart." Zee-Es; that was pretty smart.

"Zaiden? No way, we're just friends. How do you know about him?" Oh, my gosh! What if this guy really was a stalker?

"It was in the papers everywhere this morning."

I rolled my eyes. "Don't believe everything the media says."

"I don't. That's why I asked you."

"Okay well, yeah, we're not dating. We're just close friends."

"What about the tall, blonde one?" he asked. I stared at him weirdly. I knew he meant Ethan, but why would he even ask? Oh, my gosh! I know I said this before, but what if he was a stalker?

"Or are you two just friends as well?" he guessed.

"No, we're not friends," I quickly said.

"Oh, well, I know you have your mother, but just remember to umm... always use protec-"

"WHOA, WHOA, WHOA!" I said holding up my hands. "Hold up, we're not dating! What I meant was that we're not friends because we are enemies."

Ben stared at me for a while then cracked up laughing.

"What? I'm serious! It's like World War 3 between us," I said. Ben held his stomach and laughed harder.

"It's not funny! I am 100% serious. Stop laughing! Stop it!" He didn't listen to me. He just continued laughing his head off.

"Cut it out! It's not supposed to be hilarious! Stop it, stop it, stop it! DAD!" I yelled and immediately realized I had called him 'dad'. Ben stopped laughing and stared at me with disbelief. Aw, man!

"I knew I had to say something to shut you up. Glad it worked," I lied.

He smirked at me and came closer. Then, out of nowhere, he hugged me. What the Hello Kitty? I had no idea what to do. My mind was telling me to push him away, but my heart was telling me that he was my dad, that I should hug him back. Seeing how my mind had always failed me, I wrapped my arms around Ben and hugged him back. He was much taller than me.

"Ebony is dating an older man!" some random man shouted as he crept out of some bushes. He snapped some pictures then ran away.

"Great," I mumbled as I moved away from Ben.

He smiled at me and ruffled my hair. "You can deny all rumors."

"I will." I smiled.

"Look, Ebony, I have to go. Can I see you again some time?" he asked.

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Well, can I have your email address or contact information?" he asked.

"I want my mum's side of the story. Give me your email and I'll send you a message as soon as everything is cleared up," I said.

He sighed. "You are so difficult." He wrote something down on a piece of paper.

"Like Mum?" I guessed.

"No, like me," he said as he gave me the paper. He kissed my forehead and walked away.

I found myself smiling. I put the paper in my pocket and walked the opposite way. Was Ben really my father? He seemed harmless, so why would my mother try to keep him away from me? I was brought out of my thoughts when I walked into something hard. I fell to the ground and my glasses slipped off my eyes.

"I'm sorry," said one of the people I hoped I wouldn't see.

Sorry I took so long to upload.

I am really sick right now, and school starts in 6 days, and I still need to get my books etc.

I made this chapter longer and I had a mega headache while typing so please be nice and comment/vote.

Also, please don't say it was short because I use paragraphs, not lines. So it might seem short compared to other stories.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 22

NOT EDITED

Chapter 22

Ebony

What was she doing here? Ashley bent down to help me up but I ignored her. I grabbed my glasses off the ground and put them back on. All this time I had forgotten about Ashley. I didn't get what was so stunning about her. She looked like she was in her thirties and her nose looked so fake. Come to think of it, she did look older than my mother. I didn't get what Ethan saw in her. Probably just a good time in bed.

"Are you all right?" she asked in a fake, innocent tone. She placed her hand on my shoulder. Great, I was contaminated now.

"Are you blind, woman? What is wrong with you? I could have hurt myself!" I shrieked in a high-pitched voice. Ashley was a fake female dog.

She looked surprised. I noticed she had a camera around her neck. "I'm sorry. I was just taking pictures for-"

"Yah, don't care," I said as I examined my nails. It felt good giving her a taste of her own disgusting medicine.

"Oh, um," she stuttered and looked down. She cleared her throat. "Have I seen you somewhere before?"

Not this again. I shook my head. "Doubt it." I turned and walked passed her when I felt a hard grasp.

"But you look really familiar. Help me out here. Have you ever been to Miami?" she asked me as she bit her lower lip.

I pulled my arm out of her hold and said in my fake British accent, "look, I really should be going. So if you don't mind, could you please let me go before I accuse you of raping me?"

She cleared her throat and let me go, her deep brown eyes boring into mine. I smiled and was thankful I was wearing sunnies that were big enough to pass as a plasma TV.

I continued walking down the narrow path when I heard a voice that belonged to the other person I didn't want to see. I turned around just slightly and caught a glimpse of Ethan walking to Ashley. I decided to sit at a bench that was located near them. I wasn't eavesdropping: I was listening in on their conversation without them knowing for educational purposes.

"Ashley?" Ethan asked.

"Ethan?"

"What are you doing here?" he asked her. My back was facing them however, I still grabbed a newspaper and pretended I was reading it.

"We came here for photography class. We have to take pictures of some interesting sites. What are you doing here? You just disappeared from school! I thought you eloped with that ugly hag of a bitch of witch of a wart of a loser." What the Fujitsu air conditioning? That didn't even make sense!

"Ashley, you and I are not dating so it's none of your business where I am and where I am not, and what do you mean I eloped with that umm...you know....what you said?"

"I'm talking about that girl who seems to be obsessed with the art of depression," Ashley said. Depression? I was surprised she even knew that word.

"I know who you're talking about, but why the heck would I run away with her? I like my girls human."

Ashley laughed and I think it was supposed to be 'shmexy'. "No, silly! When you left, so did she. Like no one has seen her around, and all these rumours started."

"What? You mean she's not in Miami?"

"No one has seen her. I hope she's left. She is such a waste of space. Anyways, baby, c'mon let's get together again!" I could have just imagined her dirty little hands all over Ethan. Puke.

"Ashley, we're over. We never really were anything to start with." Haha, oh yeah! Burn, butt! Oh, not that I cared.

"What do you mean we never were anything?" her voice was getting louder and louder.

"I mean you-"

"Look, just tonight; that's all I want. Spend the night with me then make up your mind. We are so right for each other," she purred.

"Ashley, not here," Ethan whispered. I only just barely heard him.

"What do you mean not here?" Ashley whispered back.

"Stop doing that."

"Doing what?" Ashley whispered.

"Doing what you're doing," Ethan replied quietly.

"I don't get it. What am I doing?" Ashely questioned in a supposedly 'seductive' manner.

"Please, Ashley, stop it. I'm getting impatient," Ethan replied in a s stern voice.

"You've lost me. What should I stop doing?"

"Stop rubbing your freaking boobs on me!" he yelled, and I noticed people stop and stare.

Ashley, however, didn't even feel the least bit ashamed. She laughed loudly and took a deep breath.

"You didn't mind it when we were in bed," she replied in a normal tone. Okay, I weren't sure if I should continue listening or not.

"That was different."

"Oh, so what? The only difference is that we're wearing clothes right now."

"Actually, we were in a bed. We're not in one now." I could just see that infamous smirk on his face.

"Stop cocking around, Ethan. Now, let's go somewhere more private and I'll show you a good time."

"Ashley, go back and join the rest of your group."

"We can just be friends with benefits."

"Good bye, Ashley."

"Fine! Your loss," Ashley said as I heard her heels clink away.

I sighed and put the newspaper down, ready to go my own way.

"I'm guessing you heard that?"

My eyes went wide and I turned around. Once again I was face to face with Ethan. Well, he was taller than me so I was facing his neck.

I put on my fake British accent. "Pardon?"

"I'm guessing you heard that little scene between me and her." His shaggy hair was covering his forehead and the top of his eyes.

"Well, you know, I heard, but I wasn't necessarily listening." He dug his hands into his leather jacket's pockets.

"Funny how we always seems to run into each other," Ethan noted as he sat down on the bench. I sighed in defeat and sat next to him.

"Are you sure you're not stalking me?" I asked him.

He chuckled. "Positive. Hey, um, I didn't catch your name."

I found myself smirking. "I don't recall throwing it to you."

He cracked up laughing. It wasn't meant to be funny but he found it funny. "I'm Ethan, and you are?" Oh, no! My eyes swept the area and I blurted the first thing I saw. "Suzuki."

"Suzuki? Let me guess, your last name is Swift?"

I burst out laughing even though I knew I shouldn't. Suzuki Swift was a car.

"Nah, actually my surname is Alto."

He threw his head back and laughed. He outstretched his legs and crossed his right one over his leg. When I thought about, he seemed to be over 6 feet.

"Seriously though, Suzuki is actually a unique name. I mean I think there are so many Adele's and Ashley's out there."

I tried to cover up my smirk. "What made you choose those names?"

"Hm? Oh, well, Ashley is my sex-crazed ex, and Adele is..." he trailed off.

"Who's Adele?"

"She's this girl. I call her Adelien. She hates me and I hate her. Period."

"Why do you hate her?"

"Well, I guess because..." he seemed lost, and deep in thought.

"Yeah?"

"We've just always sort of like...insulted each other and things escalated. It's like World War 3 between us," he said, which was funny considering I said the same thing to Ben; it was World War 3 between us.

"I understand," I said.

"Oh, but, I am not attracted to her at all! I don't want to sound like a pervert, but the only thing I like about her would probably be her legs...and her butt."

"Really? So she must have a nice body."

"Well, it's all right." Ethan shrugged. "Nothing compared to my awesome body."

"Oh, really?" I asked.

"Yeah, wanna see it?" he grinned.

I chuckled. "No, thanks."

"Ethan! What the hell do you think you're doing?" a high shrieked voice shouted. We both looked back and saw Ashley with her hands on her hips.

"I'm sitting on this bench," Ethan replied.

"Yeah, but with her?" Ashley said, pointing to me.

"We were just talking," I said as-a-matter-of-factly.

"Listen, whore, you better stay away from my boyfriend!"

Ethan stood up. "For the last time, I'm not your boyfriend!"

"Of course you are!" Ashley insisted.

"I. Am. Not. Your. Boy. Friend."

"That's not what you thought when you were fucking me," Ashley pointed out. My eyes were focused on her, but I could have sworn I saw Ethan's eyes flicker to me as she said that.

"I am no longer your boyfriend. I WAS."

"But-"

I couldn't take it any longer. I stood up. "He doesn't like nor want you, so get it through your thick head, Ashley!" I

shouted.

Ethan seemed amused, whereas Ashley seemed taken aback. "How do you know my name?"

The amusement in Ethan's blue eyes disappeared.

"Because Ethan told me he had an ex named Ashley. He said he was your boyfriend but no longer is. I put the two together and figured you'd be Ashley," I replied smoothly. It seemed logical enough.

"Oh, yeah! That's right," Ethan said.

Ashley crossed her arms over her chest and looked at Ethan. "Fine, you know what? I don't want you anymore! And just for the record, Mathew was a better kisser than you. You should know."

Ethan's cheeks actually flushed red. I didn't think that was possible. I gave Ethan a weird look but he avoided my stare.

"By the way, he was better in bed too!" Ashley yelled as she walked away.

I turned to Ethan and waited for his response. "That's not true," he said, "I'm actually excellent in bed and I am fully capable of using my..member." I internally groaned. Out of all the things he could have said, he had to go with that one.

I scoffed. "Good for you. I gotta go now." I started walking away.

"Wait, Suzuki! Can I call you or email you?"

I turned back again. "I have a feeling you'll see me again some time soon!"

"But I'm going back to Miami tonight!"

"It's a small world!" I yelled back then turned around and continued walking.

I did not even want to think about Mathew. I came to an abrupt halt as I realized something. Yesterday at the graveyard with Ethan, I used an American accent, today I used a British one. Thank the Lord he was stupid.

Ethan

Ashley just had to wreck everything. Ashley and I, we had our fun, but at the end of the day, we weren't really a loving couple. I knew she went around sleeping with other guys behind my back. I watched Suzuki leave, wondering if I ever will see her again. I didn't get a chance to see her whole face (just thank Paris Hilton for bringing in those Titanic-sized sunglasses), but her presence seemed so familiar. How did Zaiden know her? Maybe I could get some information about her by asking him.

Suzuki's legs were thin and long like Adele's, her glossy black hair was waving from side to side, her smile reminded me of Adele, her British accent awakened those memories from Adele's house when we were mucking around, the way she went off at Ashley reminded me of Ade-

HOLY CRAP!

I WAS GOING TO STOP THERE AND LEAVE IT AT A HUGE CLIFFHANGER,

BUT YOU GUYS GOT LUCKY.

MAINLY BECAUSE IT ANNOYS ME WHEN SOME OF THE STORIES I READ STOP AT CLIFFHANGERS. lol

---

Oh, my goodness! No way! A bird just swooped down from nowhere and crapped on this bald man's head. I cracked up laughing. It was the funniest thing ever! My hands clutched my stomach and I went on my knees. The fat man didn't even notice. He was still sipping his coffee like nothing happened. I pointed at him and laughed harder, but I stopped laughing as I saw Suzuki staring at me from a distance. I stood back up on my feet and as she turned back around, I saw the slightest hint of a smile. Suzuki Alto; I was definitely going to Google her. How many people could there with that name? Maybe she had Facebook or a Myspace account.

Hoping she did, I turned back around and made my way to my grandmother's house. My plane was going to take off in five hours. That raised another question; where the fiddlestick was Adelien?

You all thought it was Ethan, but it was Ashley!

Sorry for taking so long to post. Here are my reasons;

-school

-school

-SCHOOL!

Like I've only been there for 3 days and we have already gotten so much homework.

So that's why I might take a week or two to update, depending on how motivated I am. lol

OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG GUESS WHAT, GUESS WHAT, GUESS WHAT?!?!?! in the next chapters, they're going to be back at school so you'll see a whole LOT more of Adele and Ethan. hehe

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 23

NOT EDITED

Chapter 23

Ethan

I was back in Miami at my house. During the whole plane ride home I only thought about Adele. I put Suzuki and my future love, Ebony, behind me. Something strange had stirred deep within me and I knew I had to let it all out. I knew I had to tell Adele the truth. I couldn't take the feeling anymore and I had the impression she felt the same way. I didn't know how I was going to let her know. Nobody was in her house. It seemed the same, but without Adele's presence it was different.

I sat there on my bed wondering where Adele was. I knew I shouldn't have felt that way but I couldn't help it. I rested my head on my pillow and took a deep breath. Why was I so confused? I got back up and moved to my laptop. I signed on MSN and waited for Adele. An hour had passed and I ignored every other person who tried to talk to me. My gorgeous eyes were only on Adele's name. Where could she be? What was she doing? I looked out my window and saw that her broken window was now completely fixed. I chuckled as I remembered throwing the rock.

Ebony

I was on a plane back to Miami. My time in London had been....weird. I still had to ask my mother about Ben, but I just couldn't be bothered. I would have to ask her some

other time. As soon as the plane was in the sky, I took out my laptop and just barely managed to connect to the internet. I had an internal debate on whether I should sigh in to MSN. After 12 minutes, I decided to sign in.

The name that caught my attention was Ethan's. The memories of London came rushing back to me. He really was stupid. He really thought there was a girl named Suzuki Alto. I chuckled to myself as I thought about his stupidity. I was about to sign out again, seeing as how there was nothing for me to do when Ethan sent me a message.

E-man:

I need 2 tell u something

Adele L:

Okay..then shoot

E-man:

I need to get something off my chest n I understand if u don't feel the same way but I have a feeling u do feel the same way.

What was he talking about? I took a deep breath.

Adele L:

Okay, tell me then

E-man:

Truth be told I miss you

Oh, my gosh! Did he just say that? I was about to reply when he sent me the next message.

E-man:

And truth be told I'm LYING! When you see my face, hope it gives you hell, hope gives you hell!

E-man:

When you walk my way hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell!

Oh, right, of course. I forgot this was Ethan we were talking about.

Adele L:

Yeah, ok, r u done?

E-man:

hahahahahahaha…did you think I was gonna confess my love 4 u? Haha, I have no love 4 u, Adelien.

Adele L:

I didnt say u did, tyvm.

E-man:

that song can be like our song :)

Adele L:

Naww, u found us a song! How cute *gag*

"Adele, what are you doing?" my mum asked me.

"I'm chatting on MSN," I replied.

"Did you forget about your punishment?"

"What punishment?"

"For having that party when I was away. Now, get off the laptop."

"But Muuuuuuum! That was like a week ago!"

"Exactly, so you have 3 more weeks left."

"Can you shorten it then, please?" I begged.

"No."

"Pretty please?"

"No."

"Pretty please with-"

"Oh, fine! One more week then."

"Thanks," I smiled.

Adele L:

I gtg

E-man:

wateva

Adele L:

you suck

E-man:

see ya at skool

Adele L:

not if I see u first!

E-man:

...that was so lame.

Adele L:

Yeah, you'd know.

I didn't wait for his reply, instead I just signed out and shut my laptop down. Ethan was such a sweet guy with 'Suzuki'. Why couldn't he be nice to me? Oh, well, didn't matter. I knew I was going to see him on Monday. Thank god it was Friday. I was nearly home. I sat back in my seat and rested my head on the small pillow when I remembered that Ethan was also my neighbour.

"Aww, shingles!" I yelled.

Ethan

"Dad, I'm going out!" I shouted as I left my house. I got in my car and drove off to to the mall. I felt better saying that to Adele. I parked my car in the car park and walked to the food court where I knew I would find some girls. I grinned as I saw a hot blonde staring at me. I winked at her and she giggled. I knew I was gonna get some tonight.

-o-o-o-

She wrapped her legs around me as I forced my tongue into her mouth. Good thing my dad wasn't home when I got back. She moaned into my mouth and in response I moaned

too. I felt her fingers trying to unbutton my shirt. My hands roamed her whole body and I loved everything I touched. I poked my tongue deeper into her mouth. She brushed her thigh against my erection and I cupped her.

I left her mouth and went down to her neck. I nibbled and sucked as she moaned my name.

"Egan," she moaned. Okay, that so was not my name, but I didn't care. I forgot what her name was anyways. I was enjoying myself so much and ignored the bang I heard.

I heard it again; it was like a door slamming. I went back to the girl's mouth and sucked on her lips. I heard the same bang again. This time I looked up, and saw it.

OMG GUYYYYSS!!!

CHECK OUT THIS AWESOME BANNER MADE BY jjackieeex

http://img25.imageshack.us/i/banner1kj.jpg/

Thanks sooooo much!

P.S. Check out her story 'Code Name: Night'

I'm in the process of reading it and it's pretty good.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 24

Chapter 24

Ethan

Adelien was back! I watched her slam another door shut. Surprisingly, I felt happy and excited that she was back. I really missed tormenting her and I realised that as much as I hated her, we had a special bond. Nah, we didn't have a special bond, she was just one of those people I loved teasing because of the reaction. Her broken window was as good as new and I watched her once more as she slammed her bathroom door shut.

I had totally zoned out thinking about Adelien that I forgot about the girl lying under me. All of a sudden, fear and anxiety crept into me. I had to get this girl out of here before Adelien saw her. I jumped off of her and straightened my t-shirt. Then, I remembered I wasn't wearing a t-shirt. I smugly touched my stomach and felt proud. The girl- Elizabeth, I think- cleared her throat. I stopped feeling amazed by myself and quickly got into action.

"You gotta leave," I said as I pulled her up.

"What?" her words slurred as if she were drunk. She's actually probably in a haze from my awesome kissing skills, I told myself. Sometimes, I just wish I didn't have that amazing affect on chicks. I resisted the urge to tense in front of her and told her once more.

"You gotta leave. Now."

"But we didn't even get to the exciting bit," she complained.

"Look woman, just get out of my house," I said sternly.

"It's a free country," she mentioned.

"What does that have to do with anything?" I swear this chick made me look like a genius, but then again, I was a genius.

"It's a free country! Women have equal rights as men! I believe in peace," she said she stood up and raised a fist in the air. Great, I got myself somewhat of a hippie. Maybe she was stoned. She had a banging body though.

"Yeah, but this is not a free house. So get outta here."

"Did you know that in the 1960s, there was-"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure my teacher blabbed about it during history class at some stage," I said as I started pulling her out of my room. I had my hands on her shoulders as I directed her down the wooden stairs and out of my house.

"Forget where I live," I told her as I shut the door. I started heading up the stairs again when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it and it was Katherine again. Wait, was it Katherine or Vicki? Couldn't remember.

"You know, over the years, I've learned a lot of things, and one of them is that you can't get-"

"Look, should I just walk you to the gates maybe?" I said hastily.

"Oh, ok. I'd like that," she said as a small smile lit her face. I felt bad getting rid of her like that because I could tell I

would have had fun with her, but for some reason, I just couldn't let Adelien see me with her. I couldn't let Adelien see me with any other girl for that matter. I didn't know why but it just felt like one of those things I had no control over. I didn't know if it was my heart's decision or my brain's decision for Adelien not to see me with another girl. If Adelien heard me say that aloud, she would have said something like, "it's your heart's decision because you don't have a brain." I let out a small chuckle. Funny, she was, funny.

The gate creaked as I opened it and let her pass through.

"Good night," I said.

"See you later, Eddie," she said as she walked down the street to her car. I watched her drive away and thanked God it was all over.

"Who was that? Number 2684?" an all too familiar voice asked. I turned around and saw the devil herself standing at her mailbox with a bunch of letters in her hand. I suppressed a grin as I saw her eyes quickly flash to my bare chest.

"Actually, she was number 2683. Get your facts right," I replied as I examined her dark denim jeans and plain black shirt. For some reason, she just looked nice wearing casual clothes. Of course, the extremely teased hair and the intense black eye makeup was part of the outfit. A part of me died wishing I could just see her without all that black crap around her eyes and all that 'emo-ish' hair.

"Whatever. At least it was a female this time," she said in a mocking tone. The time at the party when I kissed a dude- thinking it was a chick- flashed back to me. Okay, she sort of had me there.

"Well, at least I get some action."

"Well, I think there are more important things that just 'getting some action."

"Like what? Oh right, imitating models," I said with a smirk.

"Oh please, I just don't give myself away to any guy I see, and when I do decide to get some action, at least I'll know the guy knows my name, Eddie," she said, and this time she had the smirk on her face.

"Pfft, all the cool kids call me Eddie, but of course, you wouldn't know that," I lied.

"Well then obviously our definitions of 'cool' vary," she told me as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"Does it look I give a crap?" I asked her as I raised my brows.

"Well, I don't know if you give a crap, but to be honest, it looks like someone crapped on your head."

"What? Really?" I said as I touched my hair. Damn, I knew that chick did something fishy while we were making out.

"Oh no, my bad, that's just the way your hair is."

I scoffed. "Oh yeah? Well at least my hair doesn't look like it's been zapped by lightning!" Yep, I had her there.

She gasped as she touched her hair. I saw fury pass through her eyes. "Oh yeah? Well at least my tan is natural and isn't the same colour as an Ompa Loompa!" Ok my tan was not orange and fake!

"Oh yeah? Well at least my eyes don't look they've been punch-"

"Ugh! You know what?" she interupted. "Save it, coz I'm tired of this whole thing between us. Let's just not talk to each other again. It would spare both of us so much drama." For a second I was pretty shocked. I didn't know if not communicating with her was a good thing or a bad thing. I decided she was right.

"You're right. I could be banging some chick right now instead of wasting my time with you. I don't even know what made me think you were even worth fighting with," I told her in a cold voice. I wasn't sure but I thought I saw a trace of hurt in her face.

"You have a point. Anyways, the sun is setting. I'll see you tomorrow at school, yeah?" she said as she walked back into her house. She didn't give me time to reply. I didn't know what just happened. Did she break up with me? No, she couldn't have because we were never dating to begin with. Okay that was weird. I walked back into my house and went into my room. Adele had her curtains down so I couldn't see anything. I couldn't believe I actually kicked out a hot chick form my room because I didn't want Adele to see me with her. I took back all the things I had said about not wanting Adele to see me with any another girl.

Ebony

It was the next day and I was walking down the school hallway. For some peculiar reason, it felt good being back. Today I had black jeans with a black shirt that had random hot pink designs splashed all over it. I had my Mathematics text book in my hand and my black backpack slung over my shoulder. I saw Ethan at the other end of the hallway. He

had his arm around some other girl. I rolled my eyes and felt terribly sorry for number 2864. Ethan's eyes met mine for a split second as we passed each other.

"Adele!" called out a voice I actually didn't mind hearing. I turned around saw Zaiden standing with Lizzie.

"Zaiden! Lizzie!" I rejoiced as we all had a huge group hug. Although we had only known each other for a short time, we were really close. Zaiden knew my big secret and I trusted him not to tell anyone.

"Yes, I am mad at your for just leaving like that! But Zaiden told me about how you had to go to London 'coz of your grandma or something. I hope she's feeling better," Lizzie said once we all let go of each other. I shot Zaiden a look and he just smiled sheepishly. It was better than something I could come up with and I owed him for protecting the truth.

"Yeah, she's doing fine now. Just had a minor operation and we thought we'd go and visit her and you know, give her our support," I lied.

"Well I hope everything goes well for you," Lizzie said.

"Thank you," I replied.

"Anyways, I gotta head to class early and help the teacher set up the equipment for this experiment. I'll catch you guys later," she said as she rushed off.

"Thanks, Zaid, for keeping my secret. I owe you," I told Zaiden once Lizzie was gone.

"Nah, don't worry about it. Are you ever gonna tell her though?" he asked. I rubbed my lips together and looked up at him.

"I'm not sure. I mean I will eventually, but I just don't know when," I said truthfully. I smirked at him as a thought came to mind.

"What?" he said defensively.

"So when are you going to ask Lizzie out?" I raised my eyebrows up and down. He laughed.

"Why would you even think that?"

"Oh come on! I can tell when a person likes someone. The way you laugh extra hard at her jokes, the way you stare at her, the way you look out for her. It's all so obvious. Get her before someone else does."

"He blushed a little bit. "I don't know if she feels the same way. I'm just scared that if she rejects me, it'll ruin the friendship we have."

"You should give it a shot; you never know how it'll turn out." For some reason Ben came to mind. I still want to choose the right time to ask my mum about him.

"Okay, but if she says no then can you talk to her in that girly way and convince her to just give me a chance?"

"Zaiden! Don't worry too much. She'll most probably say yes," I assured.

"And if she doesn't?"

I sighed. "Then I'll talk to her and try to convince her to consider going out with you. Happy?"

"Yes. You're the best." He bent down and gave me a peck on the cheek before running to class. I turned around just in

time to see Ethan glaring at Zaiden. Ethan's eyes shot to me and softened a bit. Still staring at me, he wrapped his arm around that girl's shoulders. He kissed her deeply then walked away. I poked my tongue at his back and headed off to class myself.

I had legal studies, same as Ethan. I opted for the longer route to class as I did not want to be stuck behind Ethan while he was smooching number 2864. It actually made me think about the last time I was in a relationship. It had been 7 months since I last had a boyfriend. My career and studies were more important to me but I really missed that secure and loved feeling. I sighed as I thought about how much more comforting boys hugs are to girls, and if I'd actually ever find the one man I could love for the rest of my life. I was getting so emotional lately. Yeah, probably PMS.

I shrugged into class just in time and took my seat at the back of the classroom. I took my notebook out and grabbed my pen from my pocket. I started drawing random circles and shapes on my page. The teacher started giving us a lecture on the democratic legal system when Ethan walked in. Number 2864 was missing. I didn't even bother glancing at him a second time. I continued with the scribbling on my page.

"Mr. Tizzard, you always seem to be late," the teacher said.

"What can I say? Old habits die hard." A couple of girls in the front row giggled and Ethan winked at them. I tried to keep my breakfast down, but still threw up a little bit in my mouth. Was I the only one who saw him as the arrogant idiot he really was? I paid no mind to that attention seeker and continued doodling in my book. I totally zoned out for the rest of the lesson.

My eyes shot open as soon as I felt something vibrate in my pocket. I figured it was my phone. I sat up and noticed that the classroom was empty.

"They left 5 minutes ago," the teacher said as he rubbed the board. "I was going to wake you up but then Ethan told me that you suffer from gas problems when others just suddenly wake you during the day." If it was possible for steam to come out of my ears and for my jaw to drop onto the ground, it would have happened.

"Well then I'll make sure to personally thank him," I said as I shoved my books into my bag and headed out of the classroom, hoping I could catch Ethan before he went to his next class.

"Gas? Seriously, gas? I thought we were over all this," I said as I pushed his locker shut. I was lucky to have found him alone while everyone else was in class.

He smirked. "I said I wouldn't argue with you anymore. That doesn't mean I still won't embarrass you and make your life hell."

"So you really wanna do this again?" I asked.

"It never stopped for me," he replied as he looked down at me. Dammit, why did he have to be so tall? I could have easily told him to bring it on, but then we'd be back to where we started.

"Just forget it, you can do whatever you want." I started to walk away but then a question popped to my mind. I turned back around. "Why?"

"Because I hate you," he replied then walked away. I just stood there staring at his back. I didn't care if he hated me

or loved me. My phone vibrated once again in my pocket. I had two new text messages. I opened them.

"OMG! Zaiden just asked me out- xox Lizzie"

The other one was from Zaiden.

"She said yes :)"

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Ebony

Two weeks had passed and I was happy for Zaiden and Lizzie, but it made me feel like the third wheel. It wasn't jealousy but I will admit, a sort of yearning seeped into me whenever I saw them together. Zaiden and Lizzie were giggling at the lockers and I was just standing there. Zaiden was such a fine boyfriend and it made me wonder if he would treat me the same if I were his girlfriend.

"I'm gonna head to class early," I said, not that it really mattered to them. I dodged my way through the crowded halls and looked back at Zaiden and Lizzie. It made me wonder if would ever find someone who will treat me right, someone who will actually show me respect. I suppressed a sigh and continued walking. Ethan and I acted like we didn't even exist to each other. I didn't mind too much about it because I loved the peace of mind. Ethan was an arrogant jerk and he said he hated me. At least hate is an emotion and is better than apathy, I thought.

Ethan. Ethan. Ethan. I hated that name now. Ethan Tizzard. What a lame name. Tizzard. Pfft! Tizzard. Like seriously, pfft! And E-man? What sort of nickname was that? If it was I-man, I'd think it was a new innovation from Apple. I-man, E-man, G-man, H-man, K-man, whatever, all of them sucked. Anger boiled inside me. Why did I feel this way? I gritted my teeth and took a deep breath, refusing to look up. I stared at the shiny-stoned floor and mumbled to myself. Ethan could go rot in a stinky sack for all I cared.

"Ouch," I gasped as I fell bottom-first onto the floor. My bag dropped and my books scattered around. I had hit something hard. "Crap, I knew I should have watched where I was going."

"No, it was my fault," said the huskiest voice I had ever heard. I was on my knees with my books in my hand when a saw an unfamiliar boy bend down to my level. He grabbed my bag and started shoving my books into it. He stopped when he noticed I wasn't responding. He stared at me. The only word that sprung to my mind was 'wow'. His hazel eyes pierced my own eyes. His chiselled jaw just made his angel-like features stand out. His brown hair was so perfectly suited on his head that I thought it would be impossible. Ethan who?

"This is so cliché," I said as I hastily stuffed all my books into my bag. I grabbed the ones he had and shoved them in as well. I stood up and so did he.

"Sorry?" he asked, confused. He had that British accent too. But like I said, Ethan who?

"This is like totally cliché. I mean we bump into each other in the school hallway, I drop my books, you help me pick them up then we just gaze into each other's eyes. I don't know about you, but nearly every teen romance book I've read has that scene in it," I explained. Then I realised I was blabbing so I waited for the shut down remark.

He laughed. He just laughed, and I swear it wasn't at me. It was like he found me funny. "Oh, I see. Well, should be play that scene again then? Perhaps to make it less cliché?"

Damn, I'll play any scene with you again, I said to myself. "Why not?" I smiled.

"Okay so you weren't paying attention but I was coming down those stairs and turning here when I bumped into you," he explained.

"All right, so this time I will be looking and then we'll stop as soon as we meet again."

"Yep, and I will ask you for directions to my class because frankly, I'm lost." He grinned and his dimples made my heart stop. I took a deep breath and steadied myself.

"And then I'll help you to your next class."

"But then as we're walking to class, I'll ask you if you want to ditch school and just hang out with me."

And then we can elope and have 3 children and be a happy family. "And then I'll..." I stepped closer and so did he. He raised his eyebrows, awaiting my response. "Tell you to keep dreaming."

He laughed and stood back. He rolled one of his sleeves up. "Then I'll just say cut and we'll do that scene again."

"Let's try it then, shall we?" I asked. He smiled and we positioned ourselves.

"Actors set!" I yelled loud enough for him to hear. Others gave me weird looks but I paid no mind to them.

"Action!" he yelled back. I started walking the same direction and then came face to face with him near the bottom of the steps.

"Oh, hello," he said, surprised.

"Hey," I replied.

"I'm new here and I was wondering if you could help me get to my next class."

"Why not? What do you have?" I asked, hoping he couldn't hear my heart beat so fast under my chest.

"English in Room D5."

"So do I." I smiled. "We can go together."

"I was hoping you'd say that," he grinned. "By the way, my name is Bond. James Bond.

Hot name to suit a hot guy. How awesome would it be to be named after a super cool spy. "My name is Lynx. Adele Lynx," I said lamely. Wow, I wish I could take that back.

"I lied," he said as a small smile crept onto his lips.

"Sorry?"

"My name's actually Romeo-Jay, but people just call me Romeo." Romeo-Jay, wow. Ethan who? Ethan my ass, I thought to myself.

"Well, my name's still Adele Lynx." Damn, that was lame again. Far out, I could have just stamped the letters 'L A M E 'on my forehead, and my cheek, and my hand, and my arms, and my chin.

"Did you actually think my name was James Bond?" he asked, amused.

"Well it suited you and I wouldn't be surprised if it was," I said truthfully.

"Anyways, I think we better head off to class now," he suggested as he extended his arm forward for me to take

the lead. I smiled and started walking. He stood by my side. We received looks from every direction we went. Romeo was just over 6 feet tall. He was a little bit taller than Eth- this guy who lived next to me but whose name I just couldn't remember. Yeah, this guy whose name I forgot was a real jerk.

"Aye, Adele, do you wanna just like ditch school for the day? Maybe me and you can hang and get to know each other better?" he offered.

I smirked and stopped walking. "Keep dreaming, Romeo."

"Cut!" he yelled out. "Let's do that again, starting from my line." Surprisingly, I laughed.

"Aye, Adele, do you wanna just like ditch school for the day? Maybe me and you can hang and get to know each other better?" he offered again.

Okay, say yes without seeming desperate. "Well,depends. What do you have in mind?"

At first, I thought he would yell 'cut' again but then he seemed to think about my response. Another 3 seconds had passed and the hallways were getting less and less crowded as students scrambled to their classes. "Well, seeing how I'm new to Miami, I was hoping maybe you could suggest a place."

"Well, I'm actually pretty new to Miami as well, and I never really had the chance to go out." Saying that aloud really made me see how much of a loser I could be. I have to go out more often, I told myself. "Well, there's this really nice beach if you're up for it."

He looked at me for a while. "I like the beach. You know the way?"

I smiled. "Yeah, come, let's go before we get caught." I grabbed his hand and we both ran out of the school hallways. "We can walk there," I added. We slowed our pace as we crossed the street and left school grounds. It was weird how I was just ditching school. I never thought I would actually do thst especially with a hot guy I just met. I sneaked a side glance at him. He didn't seem like the over preppy type but then he didn't seem like the goth type either. He was just wearing a light blue top with the sleeves rolled up. To accompany his top, he wore dark denim. He didn't look that bad.

"See something you like?" he grinned with his dimples.

"Yeah, actually I did." His grin grew bigger and his dimples pushed deeper. " I just saw a 'sale' sign near that shoe store," I finished and watched the grin disappear. I smirked smugly and continued walking.

"This place is quiet familiar," Romeo noted once we reached the beach. I lay on the sand and enjoyed the cool breeze. I breathed in the salty air. The dry sand felt rough yet soothing against my skin.

"You look familiar," Romeo said as he sat next to me.

"I get that a lot. I guess it's a common face," I said as my heart beat faster and faster. Maybe I shouldn't have been so carefree with Romeo.

"No, it's not a common face. It's just a face I would never forget. I feel like I've just seen you before," he pondered. I sat up and swallowed hard. How was I going to talk my way out of this one?

"Well, when you figure out who I look like, let me know. I've always wondered who I might look like," I said casually.

"Might take a while, but rest assured, I will remember," he said as he shrugged his broad shoulders.

"So I'm guessing you're from London?" I changed the subject and lay on the sand again. He lay next to me. The sun wasn't too bright or too dim. It was just perfect.

"How'd you know?" he asked, feigning shock.

I let out a laugh. "Well your accent definitely wasn't the dead giveaway."

"Have you ever been to London?" he asked me. Recent memories of my trip rushed back to me. The only significant one was Ben. Strangely, I missed him. I made a note to send an email to him later. The wind whipped my hair in all directions and I closed my eyes. I loved the feeling of serenity. I could only hear the waves crash against the rocks nearby, and even that was relaxing.

"You didn't answer my question," Romeo said in a hazed way. I guess we were both lost in our own world.

"Yeah, I have. I actually liked it," I replied. For some reason, I just felt numb. I lay on the sand with my unmoving body next to Romeo. We both looked up in the sky. I turned my head to the right and came face to face Romeo.

"Even though we've only known each other for less than two hours I really like you. You're easy to talk to and I'm surprised you don't have a boyfriend," he whispered as his cool breath hit my face. He breath smelt like bubblegum.

"Who said I don't have a boyfriend?" I whispered back.

His face fell. "You mean you do have a boyfriend?" he seemed confused.

"Well, I nev-"

"But if you had a boyfriend then you wouldn't lie next to me right now," he interrupted.

I smiled. "I know. I was just kidding. I don't have a boyfriend." He smiled and relaxed a bit. "I have a question."

"No, I'm not gay," he replied as he looked into my eyes.

I chuckled. "That wasn't my question."

"Oh, ok, then please continue."

"Actually, that was my question."

"You're joking, right?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"No."

He gave me a look that made me giggle. I hardly giggle. "I can be difficult, can't I?"

"No, you're just a girl," he replied.

"That makes me feel better."

"I like your sarcasm," he said absent-mindedly. Yeah, and I like your body, but I didn't say that out loud.

"Wanna go over my place?" I asked.

"You live around here?" he asked, dazzled.

"Yeah, that's why we're in the private sector of the beach. Why?"

"I'm staying around here as well," he said as he sat up.

"Then my place it is?"

"Let's go," he said as he stood. "Race you there." He started running away. He didn't even know where I lived.

"Wrong way!" I shouted after him. He stopped in his tracks and turned back. He sighed in submission and walked back to me.

"Lead the way," he told me.

"You live here?" he asked me as we reached the front door.

"Yeah, with my mum. It's just us two."

"Is she home?"

"Nah, don't worry about her. She's not home." I unlocked the door and walked in. I shut the door behind Romeo. I jogged up the stairs and walked into my room. Romeo followed.

"Your room is different than what I expected," he said. "I expected a lot black, not pink." I chucked my bag on the floor and hopped onto my bed. I just shrugged. He hopped onto my bed as well and lay next to me. I looked to my left and saw his eyes studying me. Before I could say anything, I felt a set of lips on mine.

They disappeared just as quick as they had appeared. I was in a haze and it took me a while to realise that Romeo had kissed me.

"Sorry," he apologised and looked away. It was a small kiss but it still felt so right. It wasn't even a kiss, it was a tiny peck. Without wasting any time, I rolled on top of him and placed my lips on his. He was quick to react, moving his arms to my waist. I straddled him and he deepened the kiss. His tongue slipped into my mouth and clashed against mine. He flipped me over so he was now on top of me. One hand remained at my waist while his other trailed up towards my face. He ran his hand through my hair then cupped my face with both his strong hands. His lips left mine and trailed small kisses down my neck. He stopped just above my collarbone and nibbled a bit.

I knew we had just met but I couldn't help it. He made me feel so good. Some may say this was totally wrong but I couldn't resist, and by the looks of it, neither could Romeo. His lips claimed mine again and his hands stopped at my waist and travelled backwards. He groped me. I allowed my hands to explore his chest and found myself amazed. I tugged on his shirt, and he got the message. He helped me take it off. Just as I suspected, he had the six pack even though they weren't as well defined as Ethan's. Then again, were hot abs really that important? No, they just looked good on paper. As his hands went underneath my shirt, I moaned out of pleasure. I felt him smile against my lips. Just as he reached the bottom of my bra, my bedroom door burst open.

xox.

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World War III - Chapter 26

Chapter 26

Ebony

The poor door swung back and hit the wall ferociously. Mr. Egotistical stood there with his shaggy hair pointing out in all directions. He was panting hard and looked like he had just run a marathon. Romeo and I sprung apart. Romeo found his shirt and chucked it back on. I sat up and met Ethan's icy gaze.

"What?" I practically spat at him through gritted teeth.

"Well, I-I-I-I-I.." he stuttered. He seemed at a loss for words.

"What's wrong with your eye?" I asked just to annoy him.

"Ethan, go back home," Romeo said as he got off the bed. Wait, how did Romeo know Ethan?

"What's it to you?" Ethan asked defensively as he moved closer to Romeo. Romeo was a tad bit taller than Ethan.

"Well, what's it to you what's it to me?" Romeo replied. Surprisingly, it made sense to me. I could use that comeback myself.

"Far-king hell, just leave!" Ethan ordered through gritted teeth. I realised Ethan still kept the 'no swearing' promise. It made me feel special in a way.

"Maybe I don't want to!" Romeo raised his voice to match Ethan's.

"Regardless of whether you want to, you should." Wow, I didn't know Ethan knew the word 'regardless.'

"Why?"

"Because she's not gonna have sex with you!" Ethan yelled.

"Did I say I want to have sex with her?" Romeo retorted.

"Wait, E-lame, I mean, E-man, how do you know I won't have sex with him?" I asked.

"Well, you can't!" he said.

"Why not? Maybe I want to!" I yelled. Stupid Ethan. He couldn't just come into my room and tell me and Romeo what to do.

"I don't want you to, Adelien!"

"Adelien? Wait, this is THE Adele?" Romeo asked, confused.

"Yeah, this is her," Ethan said.

"But you said she was hideous, and annoying," Romeo whispered.

"She is," Ethan said.

"Nah man, I don't think she is," Romeo replied.

"Either way, I hate her," Ethan said then gave me the evil eye.

"So this is her. Sorry bro, I'll back off," Romeo said and turned to me. "Nice to meet you, Adele."

Okay so what had just happened? I was seriously confused.

"Back off? Please, you can have that thing," Ethan scowled.

"Fine, I will then. Now leave," Romeo ordered.

"No! You leave. I just want to talk to Adele!"

"Then talk," Romeo said as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"Alone."

"I want to stay."

"Romeo, just get out!" Ethan said as he pushed Romeo. Romeo took a few steps back but didn't fall to the ground. Anger crossed Romeo's eyes as he pushed Ethan back.

So I had two options. I could totally do the cliché thing and get in between them to try to stop the fight. That would lead to me getting hurt and in hospital, and both the boys feeling guilty, well Romeo would feel guilty anyway. The other option was for me to just stay quiet and hope they end up pulling each other's clothes off. Yum, but then I didn't want blood on my carpet. These 'fights' boys have usually end with some sort of blood. I sighed and got up before the pushing turned into punching.

"Ethan, just leave and get out of my house!" I said, but I was too late because Ethan's fist connected with Romeo's nose. Not his nose, please not this nose, I dreaded in my head. I heard a crunching noise and saw drops of blood spill all over Romeo's shirt.

"Far out, you went too far," Romeo said.

"Yeah, I know. My bad, bro." I think that was Ethan's way of apologising? Umm, what the heck? I was confused.

"Now I gotta leave," Romeo said as he walked out of my room. I didn't speak until I heard the front door shut.

"Ethan! What is wrong with you? Why did you do that? Oh, my gosh! You have no idea how much you piss me off!!!" I yelled as loud as I could.

"Relax, he's a Tizzard. He can handle a punch."

"A what?"

"A Tizzard."

"And a Tizzard is a what? A new breed of lizards?"

"No, it's a surname, you idiot. His name is Romeo- Jay Tizzard. He's my cousin," Ethan said. Romeo was his cousin? That explained their similar accents. Wait, is that why Romeo said 'nice to meet you'? Had Ethan talked about me to him.

"I don't care who he is. You have no right to barge into my room like that and act like you rule it!"

"Stop yelling at me!" Ethan shouted.

"I will do whatever the health I want!" I shouted back, making sure I didn't use any cuss words.

"I don't want you to make out with my cousin!"

"I don't care what you want!"

"Yeah, 'coz you're an annoying cutter!"

That did it. He did not just call me an 'annoying cutter'. It wasn't even true. I stomped my foot and marched to my dressing table. I opened the first drawer and grabbed my

black nail polish. I walked back to him and opened the polish. I swiped the brush on his arm. He stared at me with a look that could kill.

"It's on," he said. He walked to my dresser and grabbed a red polish. He came back and brushed it on my right cheek. I used the black one and flicked it on his nose.

"Oh yeah, it's on," I said. He used the red nail polish and drew a squiggly line on my chest. I gasped. He smirked. I stomped back to my dresser and grabbed my pink polish. I walked back to him and quickly splattered the pink all over his face.

"Eww, pink," he said in disgust and he rubbed his face, which only made things worse. He used the red bottle and emptied it all over his hands. He stuck his hands to my face and started rubbing it everywhere.

"Oh my god, you freak!" I yelled.

"You started it!"

"Don't put this on me!"

"Well, you're the one who went and did God-knows-what with my cousin!"

"What are you talking about? That was so random."

"Shut up," he said as he grabbed green nail polish from my dresser and emptied the bottle over my hair.

"I hate you," he said through gritted teeth as he chucked the bottle on the floor after he finished spilling the green colour all over my hair.

"I ha...I.." I was trying to say 'I hate you too' but then I couldn't. Not seeing him and talking to him for two weeks had really made me realise a lot of things. I looked at Ethan as he waited for a response. I didn't hate him, I loved him.

Ethan

Adele looked like she was going to cry. Maybe I went too far. Don't cry, please, don't cry, I chanted in my head. I saw one tear roll down her cheek. We just had a nail polish fight and we were both covered in different colours. Adele stared at me with some sort of realisation then just ran out of the room. I stood there, not knowing what to do. I got home from school and it was 3:45 when I saw them two making out. Romeo was only here for two weeks but I doubt he told Adele that. Adele made out with everyone, and it sort of made me wonder if she would ever make out with me.

Was I jealous? Nah, Ethan Tizzard doesn't get jealous. And when he does, he doesn't admit it. So either way, no jealousy. I snapped out of my thoughts and ran out of her room. I had to find Adele. I saw the front door was open and figured Adele ran out of there. I went out too and shut the door behind me. I ran out of her driveway and onto the street.

"Adele?" I yelled. Where was she?

"Ran to the beach!" a voice yelled from my house. I looked up and saw Romeo standing at my window with a towel on his nose.

"Thanks," I said.

"What the hell happened to you?" he yelled back.

"Nail polish!" I shouted before sprinting to the beach. My guess was that she was in the private sector of the beach so I headed there first. Although it wasn't even 4:30pm yet, the sun was slowly setting. I ran as fast as I could, which was pretty fast considering I was Ethan. Come to think of it, I was always fast runner. It helped shape my body. Girls loved me, and I guess that explained why Adelien didn't love me; she wasn't a girl, or a human. She was such a loser. Yeah, just a loser and the only feeling I had for her was hatred.

Then why are you chasing after her? A voice asked in my head.

The question startled me and my foot got caught on something. I tripped over onto the ground just as this convertible full of hot Barbie babes drove past. I plunged down, hurting my left knee with my butt up in the air. I could feel my face going red as the girls in the car laughed. I quickly stood up and rubbed my left knee. It wasn't bleeding but my jeans were torn and I knew it would bruise later on. I gained my awesome composure again and actually thanked God those chicks didn't see my face.

I stood still for a while because I forgot what to do. The cool wind blew all around me but it seemed as if I was frozen. What was I supposed to be doing again? I licked my dry lips and looked down. I saw bird droppings on the ground and remembered.

"Oh, crap! Adele!" I realised, and started running towards the beach. I reached the deserted sand. There was no sign of anyone. I squinted in the far distance but there was still no sign of anyone, especially Adele. My heart was beating so fast that I thought it would actually stop.

A piercing scream filled my ears. My defences went up and my ninja skills kicked in. I turned around and searched for the cause of the yell. Could it have been Adele? Just then I saw a figure floating in the water. It was already far-deep into the sea. It was too far away for me to make out what it was, but it looked like a person was drowning.

"Adele?" I breathed. It felt like my whole world had tumbled down right before my eyes. "Adele!" I yelled as I sprinted as fast as possible into the water. The tide was strong and rising. I fought hard against it to get to Adele. I could see what I thought was her hair just flying everywhere. For some reason, I couldn't afford to lose her. Not that I liked her or anything, she was a freak, I hated her. I struggled more and more to get to her as she was going further into the sea.

"Adele! Hold on!" I yelled as I swam harder. If I weren't in water already, I would have been sweating like no tomorrow. I felt a lump form in my throat as my eyes got a bit watery. Not that I was about to cry or anything - I was just in the water and I got water in my eyes so they got watery. And I think I swallowed some water, that was why I had the lump in my throat.

"Adele!" I yelled once again. I couldn't just let her slip away like that, no matter how much I hated her. I was practically out of breath. I continued my struggle to get to her. "It's all right, Adele, I'm coming!"

"Ethan! What the hell are you doing?" I heard a confused voice ask me. I stopped swimming towards Adele and looked back. Huh? A nail-polished-Adele was standing at the shore with her hands on her hips and a "WTF?!?!" expression on her face. But, wait I thought she was drowning. I turned back around and took a closer look at that object in the water. It was a Coca-Cola carton with

seaweed wrapped everywhere around it. Gosh, for the first time ever, I felt stupid. And come on, me, stupid? Ha, as if. Other boys wish they had my intelligence and looks. They can just dream on.

I swallowed the hard lump that had formed in my throat due to the excess water intake. I was still in the water. I stared at Adele who was staring back at me. Oddly, I felt relief and happiness. As fast as I could, I swam back to the shore. When I reached the shallow waters, I stood up and ran to Adele. Before I even knew what was going on, I grabbed her face and did the one thing I thought I would never want to do. Thinking I might lose her made me realise a lot things. If Adele really had drowned, I didn't know how my life would have been. So I softly planted my lips onto hers then let go. I felt like a little kid, but I ran away afterwards. Who was I kidding? I didn't hate Adele, I loved her.

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heyy, I never got to talk to you guys before but just wanted to say HELLOO!!

Hows everyone doing? Hope you're all well, and how cool is that wattpad chat?

anyways special shout out to:

Jdbabe

vampiresuicide

Maniiz

Coz they're so awesome and talked to me on Wattpad Chat :P

Anyways, any thoughts on what should happen in the next chapter???

Don't forget to vote and comment :-)

xox.

Adorkable